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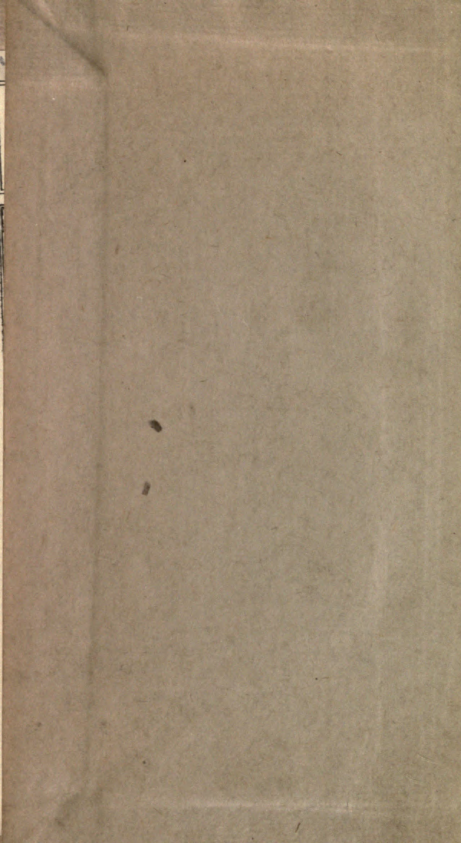
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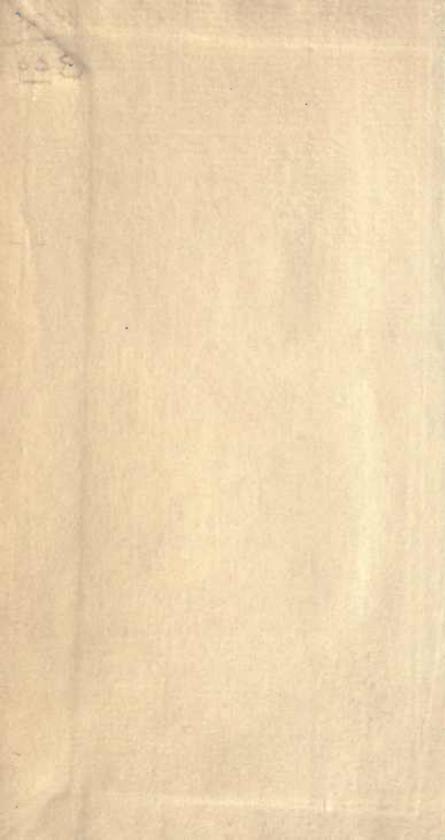
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THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE ENTHUSIASM
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tout doit tendre au bon sens; mais pour y parvenir
Le chemin est glissant et pénible à tenir.

BOILEAU.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS,

M.DCC.LXXXVIII,

136130

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P R E F A C E.

AFTER the production of those immortal fictions, the Atchievements of Don Quixote, the Adventures of Gil Blas, the histories by Fielding, with others of great excellence, Who can hope to obtain even a leaf of that laurel conferred upon the genius and the wit of so many ages?

I think it necessary to declare, that nothing but the experience of having frequently beheld new characters in new situations would induce me to present the following pages to the public. What Rochefoucault * says of self-love may be very

* Quelques découvertes que l'on ait faites dans le pays de l'amour propre, il y reste encore bien des terres inconnues.

correctly applied to knowledge of the world; and, I shall be highly gratified, if my readers allow that I have traced undiscovered lineaments, either lurking in the depths of the heart or floating on the surface of the disposition.

If any praise should be granted to my present undertaking, I shall, with pleasure, survey the choice of an amusement which I have chosen during the opportunities afforded me in my leisure hours.

From the commendations of the ladies, *for whom works of this kind are generally written*, I hope to derive that sanction and encouragement, which have the most powerful influence in a refined and a lettered age; but, I shall yet estimate as the highest recompence I can receive, the favourable suffrages of those judges who allow that I

have excited a reverence towards virtue and a detestation of vice ; for, I have invariably considered, that every virtuous reader, who possesses powers of genuine criticism, if he peruses a composition without obtaining some instruction, as well as some pleasure,

“ Fares like the man, who first upon the ground
“ A glow-worm spy’d, supposing he had found
“ A moving diamond, a breathing stone,
“ (For life it had, and like those jewels shone;)
“ He held it dear, till, by the springing day
“ Inform’d, he threw the worthless worm away.”

WALLER.

• 223.36.77

THE
AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. I.

The laws of social benevolence require that every man should endeavour to assist others by his experience. He that has at last escaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the gusts of opposition, ought to make some improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been dashed, and the shallows where he has been stranded.

RAMELER, Vol. IV. N^o 174.

SIR Harry Hyndley and his lady had long flourished in the most splendid scenes of fashionable magnificence. During twenty years they had graced the annals of matrimony by the best-bred dissension,

VOL. I. B

sion, which, fostered by acrimony and time, at length expanded into the most reputable species of conjugal and reciprocal detestation. Lady Hyndley was childishly fond of inordinate and frivolous pleasure; she was one of those common characters who are never happy but in a crowd. Sir Harry, who had a person uncommonly fine, was a gross voluptuary, depraved in principles, riotous in enjoyment, without wit, without sentiment, without elegance. They had no children to promote fondness, or to check hatred. Separate companions, and separate pleasures, were the natural consequences of their polite alienation; and among the friends selected by Lady Hyndley as her favourites, she particularly distinguished a student of Oxford. Sir Stephen Bruce was an intimate friend

of

of Sir Harry Hyndley, who was intrusted with the care of his son during the residence of Sir Stephen in Scotland.

The young man, therefore, passed every vacation, and every leisure hour, with Lady Hyndley. He received her attentions with gratitude, but gave no encouragement to those kindnesses which were lavished with more tenderness than propriety. Her ladyship was not old, but was yet "*touched by the tender hand of mellowing time.*" She was, perhaps, at that age indicated by Voltaire, when he says "*L'amour est le plus grand des maux quand il n'est le plus grand des biens.*" The object of her partiality was placed next her in every company, with an ill-bred and rude preference of him to people of higher rank and unquestionable superiority. At table she

always fed him with the nicest *morceaux*, culled with solicitous delicacy from the most exquisite dishes. He attended her to all places of public amusement, and to every private party, where, from his frequent appearance, he soon became an accustomed guest. This intimacy occasioned many hints and sneers; but the rigid propriety, and occasional coldness, exhibited by Bruce, whenever Lady Hyndley's friendship became too fervid, effectually prevented every other ill consequence but the displeasure of Sir Harry. Weary of conjectures, the truth of which they could not ascertain, the attentive friends of Lady Hyndley thought it necessary "*not to know what to think.*"

George Bruce, the son of Sir Stephen Bruce, was bred at Eton, and had studied at Queen's for three years. At the age of
 twenty-one

twenty-one he was entitled to a small independent fortune, left him by a relation of his mother. Lady Bruce was married when very young to Sir Stephen, who being of a disposition untameably ferocious, treated his wife with cruelty, and his son with oppression. They had little intercourse; for Sir Stephen denied his son that income to which his rank entitled him, and prohibited any correspondence between George and his mother.

The person of Bruce was formed with that happy mixture of masculine firmness and graceful elegance which a painter would choose for the representation of manly beauty: he was not slim, but was perfectly *arrondi*. His eyes dark, sparkling, and intelligent; his voice clear and

energetic ; his manners regulated by that invariable ease which is the characteristic of high-breeding. Though his intellectual capacity was uncommonly great, he was yet an eccentric mixture of romantic sentiment and volatile carelessness.

He was like Anthony, "*for his bounty there was no winter in't ;*" and his munificence was not confined to the mere splendour of indolent donation, but was displayed in assiduous endeavours to serve and assist. One favourite propensity, the effect of a noble disposition, had often led him into ridiculous situations, by which he was exposed to the laughter of his acquaintance ; this was the *enthusiasm of friendship*, which glowed in his heart with such uncommon rapture and such invariable

riable philanthropy, that his whole study was to admire every one he knew of both sexes, and to bind himself to them by the strongest ties of inviolable attachment. Bruce had engraved upon his mind all those sublime and glittering precepts of poets and philosophers, which generally aggrandize sentimental effusion, and consecrate disinterested regard, without insuring or cementing any solid friendship. By an unwearied endeavour to serve and to oblige, he had attracted the admiration of many individuals who were incapable of stability in their resolutions, or suavity in their dispositions, and thus, by a pliant acquiescence, he had kept secure possession of their favour. Ever ardent to cultivate the goodwill of mankind, fearful of offending, and ambitious of possessing an unlimited acquaintance,

quaintance, he perhaps sometimes forfeited his dignity, and disgraced his abilities, by a blind submission to the *diſſamina* of his companions.

Such was the man who by rigid cenſors was called the *minion* of Lady Hyndley, and whom Sir Harry would have been happy to repulſe without injury or injuſtice. He doubted not but that he was a gallant ſuitor for his lady's favours, and therefore wanted nothing but due prowess to diſmiſs his gueſt. The exceſſive cordiality and politeneſs of Bruce rendered the attempt unſucceſſful. He perpetually expreſſed ſuch a regard for his hoſt, ſuch a high ſenſe of the ties of friendſhip, that it was almoſt impoſſible to inſult a man, who every hour exhibited in his behaviour new inſtances of amiable beneficence.

Sir Harry at last apprehended, that since her ladyship was so hospitable, it might not ill become him to imitate her generosity with equal ardour. Previous, therefore, to Bruce's next visit, he gave orders for a chamber to be got ready, and preparations to be made, for the reception of a lady who had before frequently visited Lady H. He went out the next morning, and returned in his carriage with a young lady, whose elegant deportment and animated beauty interested every one in her favour, and deprecated that aversion which all felt at this singular introduction. Sir Harry presented her to Lady Hyndley with these words ; " I must intreat that *you* will be as affectionate to your female friends as I have been. I introduce this lady to you as a woman I value *next to yourself* ; I

" shall

“ shall be happy to give our friend Bruce
 “ so agreeable a companion ; his fidelity
 “ and attachment to our house deserve our
 “ best endeavours to make it agreeable to
 “ him.” Her ladyship felt the sneer, but
 prudently resisted the impulse to resent it.
 She received her new guest civilly, and, to
 the astonishment of every one, Miss Bry-
 ant was allowed by her own friends, and
 prevailed upon by Sir Harry, to remain
 some time in his family.

The next day Bruce arrived. He was,
 as usual, received with that prodigality of
 friendship, which he knew so well how to
 recompense and to retain ; his anxious en-
 deavours to please revived all those senti-
 ments in his favour which had perpetually
 influenced the whole family ; and such were
 his powers of exciting esteem, that even Sir
 Harry

Harry reproached himself for thinking with severity of so amiable a companion.

The intimacies of Bruce were formed upon principles very different from those which cement ordinary friendships. The faults, follies, and foibles of their acquaintance, are frequently the inducements which bring together people of a *gregarious* disposition, and visitors who furnish ample food for censure and laughter are often received with open arms: Bruce, on the contrary, found in the slightest acquaintance some virtue or some recommendation; and he carried his reverence for their qualities to a ludicrous height. On all other subjects he conversed rationally, and sometimes elegantly; but as soon as the enthusiasm of friendship was excited, it overwhelmed his discretion, and clouded his perspicacity.

When

When Sir Harry introduced him to Miss Bryant, with some forced encomiums on his high character for cordiality in friendships, Bruce readily quitted the beaten track of customary compliment, to launch out into his favourite subject. “ I have
 “ been often amazed, Mr. Bruce, at the
 “ number of your acquaintance ; how do
 “ you manage to attach and to preserve so
 “ numerous a body of people ? I think I
 “ have met with very few who are in possession of so many connections.”——“ Very
 “ few, indeed, Sir Harry ; I pique myself
 “ with some reason, I believe, on the wide
 “ circle to which I am allied ; my present
 “ complement is—let me see—Eighty—
 “ then, fifty Hampshire—six at Scilly—
 “ the privy counsellor’s three aunts—four—
 “ teen—Ay, ay—the present complement is
 “ one

“ one hundred and fifty-three : to which add
 “ my nineteen intimates in Russia, whom I
 “ never saw, and you will not find me *very*
 “ destitute.” The company smiled, and
 Sir Harry was pleased with the amicable
 phrenzy : “ I wonder how you can endure
 “ some of the odd traits which I think you
 “ must occasionally meet with in some
 “ characters, and especially where neither
 “ your interest nor your pleasure is con-
 “ cerned.”——“ Pardon me, Sir Harry,
 “ I have not a single friend, but who pos-
 “ sesses some valuable talent ; even the
 “ most common acquaintance I acknow-
 “ ledge is dear to me by the superiority of
 “ some splendid merit ; and I consider my
 “ integrity and judgment equally pledged
 “ for the discovery of his virtues.”——
 “ A discernment less than your’s, Mr.
 “ Bruce,

“ Bruce, could never descry any real worth
 “ in your new friend Sir Dudley Drone, a
 “ man absolutely devoid of all ideas, and
 “ who seems born for no other purpose but
 “ to sleep: he neither gives nor receives
 “ pleasure; he is ignorant, indolent, and
 “ absent; in short, I never saw a man less
 “ *companionable*.”——“ Ah! dear sir, you
 “ know not half his merits; he is neither
 “ passionate, arrogant, nor impertinent;
 “ he hears every thing which is said in
 “ every company with the most patient at-
 “ tention; he never raises your expecta-
 “ tions of his abilities too high, and of
 “ course never disappoints you; so far
 “ from assuming any character which he
 “ is unequal to, I have passed a week in
 “ his society at his own house, and never
 “ heard him speak the whole time.”——

“ ’Pon

“ ’Pon my word, a most agreeable man !
 “ Well then, there’s another acquaintance
 “ of your’s I once met, Bob Panic, who is
 “ always plaguing people with fears for
 “ their health, *because he has not seen them*
 “ *so long*, though it often happens that he
 “ has dined with them the day before ; the
 “ last time I encountered him he went
 “ through all the symptoms of gout, palsy,
 “ and pleurisy, to prove to me that I had
 “ got a bilious fever.”——“ Sir, I hardly
 “ know a more excellent man than Bob
 “ Panic ; his only failing is, that he dis-
 “ tresses his own mind for the welfare of
 “ his friends, in which, perhaps, he a little
 “ resembles me ; his anxiety if he does not
 “ often see you ; his solicitude to suggest
 “ means for your being better than you
 “ are, even if you are ever so well ; his
 “ caution

“caution in not suffering you to deceive
 “yourself into an opinion of being in
 “health because you look so, or feel so;
 “and, above all, his power of magnifying
 “every misfortune and every danger, that
 “you may be quite prepared against it;
 “these, Sir, speak a man a true friend, and
 “I, who have so often experienced his
 “bounties, must always reverence my good
 “friend Bob Panic.”——“You speak
 “very highly of him, which is surely more
 “than you can do of his brother-in-law
 “Ned Schism.”——“Pardon me, I think
 “him one of the most useful and equitable
 “characters I know; he is famous for ce-
 “menting those friendships which by some
 “unlucky perverseness or misunderstanding
 “ing have been separated; and his great
 “merit is, that he never allows people
 who

' who have quarrelled to meet with a view
 : to reconciliation, till he has made all
 parties acquainted with the mutual aspe-
 rity which both have exhibited in each
 other's absence ; he has a noble memory
 and he is always able to relate, with in-
 credible accuracy, the whole vocabulary
 of abuses and menaces which he has
 collected from either side, together with
 all the different shades of insinuation
 and figures of abhorrence : thus you see
 every one acts under reciprocal convic-
 tion and cannot again give way to the
 violence of their temper, with the salvo
 of having been trepanned into good will
under false pretences."——

" Well, Sir, these people have doubt-
 less great recommendations, and they
 are much superior to another man, whose

“ want of education and good sense would,
 “ I should apprehend, totally preclude an
 “ intimacy between you; I mean Peter
 “ Le Pied.”——“ Bless me, Sir Harry,
 “ he is one for whom I have a very sin-
 “ cere regard, as well for his elegant ac-
 “ complishments as for his manly virtues:
 “ Sir, he is the best dancer I know! he
 “ treads most learnedly; he cannot ask
 “ you how you do, but you may see
 “ he has been taught to dance! Even his
 “ mind, Sir, is always moving in an intel-
 “ lectual minuet; all the world know it;
 “ his fame might entitle him to a dancing
 “ diploma for opening every ball he goes
 “ to; and I doubt not but his minutest *pas*
 “ will reach posterity: then his temper is
 “ as flexible as his toes; he bows benevo-
 “ lently; there is a kind of probity in his
 “ mode

“ mode of being true to the time whenever
 “ he exhibits : he keeps time so much bet-
 “ ter than——” “ He keeps his word—
 “ which he will, I believe, break to his
 “ dearest friend, upon the most solemn oc-
 “ casion.”——“ Sir Harry, we are not all
 “ perfect; and, I think myself bound by
 “ every tie of agility, to maintain the friend-
 “ ship of Peter Le Pied.”——“ And pray,
 “ Mr. Bruce, give me leave to ask, Are
 “ the motives equally cogent which united
 “ you in friendship with Billy Tipple, the
 “ meagre toastmaster, who drinks three
 “ bottles in an hour?”——“ Certainly ! It
 “ is not his intemperance that I admire ;
 “ no, Sir Harry, it is his valour and forti-
 “ tude ; it is resolution exhibited upon
 “ many occasions, that shews him to be
 “ possessed of a genuine courage which

“ marks the truly brave : my poor praises,
 “ however, would be faint, if you could
 “ once see him in his proper sphere, if you
 “ could view him glowing with natural
 “ ardour, and with unshaken firmness ; for
 “ instance now, if you saw him take phy-
 “ sic ! Ah ! Sir Harry, the prowess with
 “ which he swallowed two pills and a fa-
 “ line draught ! Never shall I forget, when
 “ struggling with a cold, which he got by
 “ shaving in a hard frost, how he spurned,
 “ with a generous indignation, the reme-
 “ dies of abstinence, which his great soul
 “ could not brook ! No, Sir, with that un-
 “ daunted spirit which he may so justly
 “ boast, he encountered a sudorific potion
 “ of white wine whey ; he then went to
 “ sleep, submitting for four hours and an
 “ half to the ignominious bondage of the
 “ bed-

“ bed-chamber : his fever abated ; but his
 “ mind, Sir, was neither elevated by suc-
 “ cess, nor sunk by imprisonment ; no
 “ longer, then, let us say with a malignant
 “ and narrow prejudice, that

“ Heroes are much the same, the point’s agreed,
 “ From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede.”

“ Far be it from those who are illumined
 “ by the rays of Tipple’s heroism ; far be
 “ it from such to deny that a great mind
 “ may exist in a slight person : let every
 “ one disposed to carp at lofty deeds con-
 “ sult the annals of my friend Tipple’s
 “ courage and conduct ; let them remem-
 “ ber his atchievements, and gladly offer that
 “ portion of praise which is so justly due to
 “ the chevalier *sans peur & sans reproche*.”

The novelty of Bruce’s predominating
 enthusiasm afforded Miss Bryant infinite

entertainment; but she saw, or thought she saw, in him something more interesting than the peculiarity which he then exhibited: this sentiment, whatever it was, she too studiously endeavoured to conceal. When the ladies retired to coffee, Miss Bryant noticed Bruce's frailty: "What a ridiculous propensity! nothing so ill becomes a man as to proclaim the imbecillity of his own mind; the handsomest man in the world must suffer from so dark a shade in his character: no, I could never bear Mr. Bruce, even if he said or thought the civillest things of me."

Lady Hyndley was struck with the brisk censure from a girl not of a satirical disposition. "You are severe upon my friend, and really without reason, for I doubt
 " not

“not but he is sincere in whatever he
 “says; and if you consider how valuable a
 “true friend is, you will respect his zeal,
 “and honour his fidelity.”——“I shall
 “think much better of him, Madam, since
 “he is so ably defended; and, like you, I
 “shall make it no less my duty than my
 “pleasure to *contemplate* his little peculiari-
 “ties.”——“If you favour us with your
 “company during his residence with us,
 “you will have leisure for permitting Mr.
 “Bruce to increase the number of his
 “friends; and I presume you have no one
 “in your family who would object to
 “your knowing the world by studying
 “characters.”——“Your ladyship is little
 “acquainted with me, and still less with
 “my friends, if you suppose they would

“ not be anxious on the subject of my
 “ usurping attentions, to which I have no
 “ claim : I shall seriously consider myself
 “ selected pointedly as the object of your
 “ ridicule and disapprobation, if you think I
 “ do not thoroughly contemn Mr. Bruce’s
 “ affected raptures ; and, whatever excel-
 “ lence you may see in them, nothing can
 “ be more remote from my disposition than
 “ to lend my praise to such empty sen-
 “ timents.”——“ You are the first person
 “ who has not seen something amiable even
 “ in his errors.”——“ Dear Ma’am, I am
 “ not obliged to be watching every body’s
 “ virtues ; my own go very well, and can
 “ never want to be regulated by the dial
 “ of every moralist I meet.”——“ But,
 “ why imagine that the dial is so incor-
 “ rect?”

“ rect ? ” —— “ Not at all, Madam ; he is
 “ very true, and tells how love flies, that
 “ is, if you shine upon him.”

Bruce and Sir Harry came in. The
 latter, who was an intemperate feeder, had
 drank inordinately. He reeled up to Miss
 Bryant. “ My dear Emily, rob me of my
 “ bottle, if I don’t love thee ; I do, ’faith !
 “ I’ll have some coffee ; it shall be strong
 “ as your sense : I’ll put milk enough in to
 “ make it as soft, and sugar enough to make
 “ it as sweet as your disposition.” Miss
 Bryant was much confused at his improper
 behaviour. Lady Hyndley coloured, and told
 Bruce, in a whisper, to persuade Sir Harry to
 behave with due decorum. “ Alas ! Ma-
 “ dam, it is the business of my life to make
 “ friends ; judge then, if I can be so weak
 “ as to tell them when they expose them-
 “ selves ? ”

“ selves.”——“ But, my friend, is there
 “ not some very gentle manner in which
 “ you, with your usual good sense, could
 “ convey a reproof?”——“ Dear Madam,
 “ no good sense ever conveyed a reproof:
 “ I see Sir Harry is totally wrong, there-
 “ fore the last thing that will cure him is a
 “ reprimand. If he was sober, and in the
 “ right, he might, no doubt, be easily per-
 “ suaded to alter his conduct.” Lady
 Hyndley interfered, and at last prevailed
 upon Sir Harry to sit down and drink his
 coffee. “ Well, I will be persuaded and
 “ good-natured! ’Faith your ladyship looks
 “ very well to-night; how I should love
 “ you if you were not married! hey, Lady
 “ Hyndley?—Nay; don’t blush now, for
 “ it looks as if you understood me, and
 “ that I dare say you would not do for the
 “ world;

" world ; besides, I have such ideas of the
 " sacred purity of women's delicacy, that
 " I am shocked to see them renounce the
 " smallest particle of it.—Ah ! Emily, my
 " love ! well, how do all do at home ? Is Sir
 " Edward pretty well, and Lady Bryant,
 " and young Mr. Bryant ? How do they
 " all go on there ? What a pretty, nice,
 " little creature you are, Emily ! I dare say
 " your mother is very fond of you.——
 " Now, Mr. Bruce, I have drank my
 " coffee, let's all go and take a stroll to
 " the Opera ; come—let us—let us."

The rest of the party declined it, con-
 sidering Sir Harry's situation ; he only
 darted a look of vengeance at his lady for
 preventing the expedition, and then went
 off himself. The evening passed very
 agreeably, from the mutual endeavours of
 Bruce

Bruce and Miss Bryant to contribute to the pleasure of Lady Hyndley, who had just prudence enough to be pleased with her company, when it was her interest not to offend them ; a species of discretion not always displayed by persons *apparently* much wiser than her ladyship : in the *charlatanerie* of self-conceit, those who aspire at superiority may, without any one requisite for a valuable character, without sense, wisdom, good-humour, or politeness, soar above their companions by petulant and solicitous disdain.

C H A P. II.

To be cut off by the sword of injured friendship is the most dreadful of all deaths next to suicide.

CLARISSA.

TH E elegant beauties of Emily Bryant had attracted the admiration of Bruce soon after his arrival at Sir Harry Hyndley's. She was just eighteen; her person finely formed, rather majestic and lofty, than insinuating and complacent: her accomplishments were various, her attachments violent, and her friendship indissoluble. She loved to oblige, but she loved also to controul; and she had blended, with a high sense of her own superior abilities, a spirit of resolute firmness and unyielding dignity. She entertained the most

most noble sentiments of virtue and had very high ideas of propriety ; but, this sense of decorum would sometimes evaporate in the vindication of her own liberty. Her perfections, therefore, excited rather admiration than tenderness ; her influence was that of irresistible sway, not of artless allurements. When Bruce first saw her, he was “ *awe struck*,

“ And as he pass'd he worshipp'd *.”

At the next interview he conversed with her as a pleasant companion, without expecting any information or any uncommon talents. Her accomplishments surprised him ; her knowledge of the fine arts ; the elegance with which she spoke ; the taste with which she sung ; the judgment with which she decided. He had

* *Comus.*

seen

seen many women possessed of single excellence but never had found so many qualities with so little pedantry. Emily was never arrogant on the subject of her talents, and she was seldom otherwise in the support of her humours. She gave her opinions with the most insinuating humility ; she uttered her commands with imperious vehemence. The family of Sir Edward Bryant were much afraid of her attracting admirers unequal to her in fortune or in rank. She was loved by her father, and her mother indulged her in some caprices which ought to have been rectified in her early years. Adrian degl' Uberti, a foreigner of distinction, was the first suitor who aspired at the hand of Emily Bryant. His skill in music was incomparably great. He touched, *with flying fingers*, the harp and the organ.

organ. Every hearer was enraptured at the melody, which his delicate taste and exquisite skill always produced. But, with his harmony ended his power of entertainment. Dull and insensible to all the charms of intellectual supremacy, he was very ill calculated to excite the tenderness and esteem of such a mistress as Emily. She admired his melody, but when the music was finished, quitted him with readiness. Successive admirers approached ; some with distant awe, some with pert familiarity, and others with elegant softness. But all these were either the sport, or the objects of detestation, in the mind of Miss Bryant.

In a few days, Sir Harry rode out. Bruce remained all the morning with Lady Hyndley, who was not very well,
and

and Miss Bryant was retired to her own apartment. About three o'clock Sir Harry was inquired for by a young lady, who desired, if he was not at home, she might be permitted to wait for him. She was shewn into a room, and Bruce, hearing of it, had the curiosity to pass through, in order to take a view of her. Her form was noble, heightened by all the charms of natural beauty, but in her countenance appeared a ferocious and ghastly gloom, which inspired the beholder with horror and dismay. She had with her a beautiful child, who seemed about nine years old, whom, when Bruce entered, she was pressing to her bosom with convulsions of anguish, while the tears streamed incessantly from her eyes. The boy shewed a lively sense of his mother's sorrow; his heart swelled with tumultuous

agony, and he kissed the tears from her eyes without being able to speak comfort to her. She rose at Bruce's entrance, and, with much confusion, endeavoured to recover herself. He advanced very respectfully, and addressed her with a tenderness which was one of the predominant features of his character: "I find myself
 "reprehensible, Madam, in thus intruding
 "upon your sorrows; had I known there
 "was a stranger in distress, nothing would
 "have prevailed upon me to interrupt you
 "but the certainty that I could mitigate
 "your affliction." The lady during some time struggled for utterance; she at last overcame the conflict of fierceness and misery: "I thank you, Sir, for the benevolent
 "expressions to which I have no claim
 "from a stranger; my wish to see Sir
 "Harry

“ Harry Hyndley has, perhaps, made *me* an
 “ intruder. I should be sorry to interest
 “ any of his friends in my misfortunes, by
 “ an improper and unauthorised applica-
 “ tion to them on the subject of my pre-
 “ sent request. *My* woes are too common
 “ to excite admiration and too keen to
 “ admit remedy. You may yet, Sir, do
 “ me a very great service by concealing
 “ from Sir Harry that he is wanted by one
 “ in misery, and by directing him to be
 “ brought into this room when he returns.”

—“ I perceive, Madam, you are little
 “ acquainted with me; you are ignorant
 “ that my name is Bruce. Do you now
 “ know me, Madam? Do you not recog-
 “ nize in me the friend of all mankind?
 “ Every body’s brother; the humble efforts

“ I have made to establish amity, and to
 “ dignify friendship, the noblest of all sen-
 “ sentiments, have they never reached
 “ you ?” The lady, who could by no
 means comprehend the tenor of his dis-
 course, sat silent for a few minutes ; she
 then recollected herself, and replied : “ Of
 “ friendship, Sir, I have known so little,
 “ that every thing respecting it is new to
 “ me but the sound ; you profess yourself
 “ every body’s friend, and I may, therefore,
 “ hope to be included in your good wishes.
 “ Pardon me if I say I neither expect or
 “ desire any thing more ; I have been so
 “ long a stranger to all the tender offices
 “ of friendship and humanity, that I now
 “ only wish for sullen solitude ; and I in-
 “ treat you will not involve yourself in the
 “ gloom

“gloom of my miseries, but leave me to
 “indulge the wretchedness I am accus-
 “tomed to.”

Bruce would have soothed her violent lamentations, but she so vehemently insisted upon his quitting her, that he thought proper at last to retire.

In an hour Sir Harry returned. A servant, who opened the door of the room where the lady waited, observed him start at seeing her. “Is it possible!” was his exclamation as he entered, but he checked himself, and the servant could hear no more. They continued in the room above half an hour, when a violent shriek summoned the attention of every one near: Bruce, Lady Hyndley, Miss Bryant, and a train of servants, ran into the room, where they beheld Sir Harry supporting himself

D 3

against

against a window, and as they entered he fell speechless on the floor: the lady was thrown on a sofa, her cloaths bloody, and in her hand a knife, with which she had wounded herself and Sir Harry Hyndley. The child was screaming in an agony of horror, and clasping the arm of his mother, who wrung his hand with looks of frantic despair. When she perceived Lady Hyndley, she attempted to speak, and, after some efforts, delivered these words in a trembling yet emphatical voice :

“ On a wretch who has deprived me of
 “ my fame and my innocence, by whose
 “ villainy I was precipitated from secure
 “ happiness to the gulph of infamy and
 “ wretchedness, on that monster I have ob-
 “ tained the vengeance which my honour
 “ demanded. Execrations would now be
 “ vain

“vain and ungenerous; but something is
 “due to my own fame, and I ought to de-
 “clare, that he misled me, not by the de-
 “pravity of my own passions, but by my
 “love for him. He attached my heart
 “when I was a stranger to guile, and led
 “me through all the varieties of ungovern-
 “able fondness by insidious adulation; he
 “then resigned me to disgrace and indi-
 “gence, when I had no one to assist me
 “but my God, or to soothe me but my
 “child.” She turned to the boy with
 eager transport; a ray of tenderness shot
 from her eyes, and she kissed him with a
 look which no description could delineate.
 In the midst of her embraces a strong con-
 vulsion seized her, and, in a few minutes,
 she expired. None present could speak,
 for they were all *barrowed* with wonder

and dread. Sir Harry, who recovered a little from his swoon, uttered a few words in a feeble voice: “ Before I die, let
 “ me intreat you, Lady Hyndley, to be
 “ kind to that child; if any consideration
 “ can expiate my crimes, it must be the
 “ welfare of that infant, of whom I am the
 “ father. As for you, I have amply re-
 “ compensated you in my will, for the un-
 “ easiness I may have given you in my
 “ life. Emily, my dear charming girl, let
 “ me embrace you; I have been your friend
 “ and your protector, and I hope you will
 “ not find I am unworthy your regard in
 “ my behaviour to you when you peruse
 “ my will. Commend me to your family;
 “ may your charms and your virtues be
 “ beloved as I have beloved them, and you
 “ will never want a friend. The hand of
 “ death

“ death is on me, and I grow dim ; yet
 “ there is a secret I could wish you to—”

His voice then forsook him, and in violent pangs he terminated his existence.

The amazement with which every beholder was seized at the view of this scene, produced a long silence, till Miss Bryant, bursting into tears, poured forth the most piercing lamentations over the body of Sir Harry Hyndley: “ I have lost one who
 “ was so generous a friend, that I hoped he
 “ would have lived many years to honour
 “ me with his regard and his protection.” Lady Hyndley was astonished at her words, and a look of disdain, which shewed her sentiments, was darted at Emily with all the acrimony of lively detestation. Bruce, not in less agitation, took the child, who
 lay

lay frantic upon his mother's corse, and, after trying to soothe his grief, inquired who he was. His name was Forrester, and they came that morning from *****, the place where his mother had formerly lived.

After the bodies were removed, and all assistance administered, though ineffectually, that could be thought of, the friends of Sir Harry Hyndley were sent to the next day, and upon opening the will, they found he had bequeathed the following legacies: To Lady Hyndley £. 20,000, in addition to her jointure, which was £. 2,000 *per annum*; to Miss Bryant £. 20,000, which was left in trust with her mother till she came of age; to Lady Bryant £. 10,000, and to Sir Edward Bryant, in consideration of
some

some acts of friendship, £. 10,000. These, with a few others, were the only legacies he bequeathed.

Upon the perusal of the testament, Lady Hyndley, with a ferocity which she had never before displayed, broke out into expressions of aversion and reproach against Emily. She reprobated the memory of Sir Harry for throwing away so much money in what she styled *an infamous legacy*, and concluded her aspersions by insisting upon the departure of Miss Bryant the next morning. Bruce, who hardly dared to interfere, left his passion for Miss B. should be detected, with some address prevailed upon Lady Hyndley, *for her own sake*, to permit Emily's residence there till she could conveniently prepare for her departure.

A question

A question now arose: "What was to be done with the child?" Lady Hyndley could not bear his presence for some time; but at last Bruce told her, that if she declined the protection of him, he himself would be at the expence of his education. Her ladyship blushed at her own want of humanity: the child was suffered to remain where he was.

Sir Harry Hyndley, but a few days before he died, had, with his fondness for Miss Bryant, privately made her a handsome present. She always appeared very wealthy, which might be expected from the opulence of her own family.

Emily, whose heart ever glowed with all the generous feelings for suffering humanity, and who found in benevolence the purest delight, took the present opportunity
of

of displaying her munificence. She conferred with Bruce on the subject of the debts contracted by the unhappy female, whose error had been so fatal to herself and to Sir Harry: Emily then gave him fifty pounds, insisted upon his accepting it for the payment of them, and promised as much more as would satisfy the creditors if that was not sufficient. Bruce, whose income was not large, contributed a sum for the same purpose; but Lady Hyndley refused to hear of any subscription, or to afford the least trifle on such an occasion. Bruce asked her again; she frowned with disgust: "Give them my warmest censure
 "for being such fools as to trust such a
 "woman in distress."—"I certainly
 "will, Madam, they shall have the widow's
 "mite."

Bruce

Bruce went to the mother's lodgings to get some intelligence of her friends, but without success. Nobody knew her; she had lived there for three years very privately, and no one ever came to visit her, but an old man who formerly brought her money. This person had not been there for some time; and it was supposed, when they heard the story, that the extremity of her indigence, and the keen sense of her injuries, had driven her to the desperate deed which she perpetrated. Bruce settled what little debts were due there, and then returned to Lady Hyndley.

When he arrived, he found Emily with the child upon her lap. She was endeavouring to alluage the violence of his distress for the loss of his unfortunate parent. She had moderated his transports, and was

amusing him with an inimitable skill and a playful tenderness, to which her humanity and her beauty added new lustre and excited fresh emotions in the heart of Bruce. He sat down near her: "How soon do you leave us? Tell me, I intreat you, what course I shall take to see you as often as I have lately done, for I find I cannot live without you."——Emily looked at him, and smiled: "Any friend of Lady Hyndley's must be dear to me; and, after the treatment I received from her, I cannot but be disposed to listen to the addresses and protestations of her favourite."——"Your reply is a severe one; why is a regard for Lady H. more criminal than a partiality for Sir Harry?" Emily was struck with conscious impropriety of her own conduct: Bruce proceeded——

"However

“ However circumstances may have ap-
 “ peared to injure your character, and how-
 “ ever malignantly they may have been in-
 “ terpreted, I cannot be prejudiced against
 “ you ; I have still the highest opinion of
 “ your virtues and your discretion. Sir
 “ Harry is now dead, and you may want
 “ the service of one who makes it his
 “ glory to be faithful in his attachments.
 “ If you smile at my enthusiasm, at least
 “ you may approve my adoration of you.
 “ When I forfeit my allegiance to my
 “ friends, may I become unworthy *your*
 “ tenderness ; no greater curse can befall
 “ me.”——“ It is an odd season to talk
 “ of love, nor ought I to hear you on a
 “ subject so foreign to my present situa-
 “ tion ; I have, indeed, lost such a friend,
 “ that it is, perhaps, my duty never to al-
 “ low

“low another a place in my heart.” ——
 “As a lover, Madam, Sir Harry was, no
 “doubt, happy.” —— “You err most cru-
 “elly, he was no lover, he was merely a
 “friend; it ill becomes you, Sir, to draw
 “such constructions from that sacred
 “name; you injure his memory, and insult
 “my character, if you think I was the
 “companion of his pleasures; Sir Harry’s
 “views were noble, he would not for the
 “world——” “Nay, Madam, after what
 “we have this day seen, Sir Harry’s
 “virtues will hardly be brought even into
 “question; the wretch who could subvert
 “the principles, ruin the fame, and after-
 “wards promote the destruction of a wo-
 “man, is too depraved for me to vindi-
 “cate: but I hope to be pardoned for
 “daring to employ your time and your
 VOL. I. E “thoughts

“ thoughts on so worthless an object as
 “ myself ; I want neither ardour, sincerity,
 “ nor perseverance, but I stand in great
 “ need of interest in your heart ; I have in-
 “ deed foolishly thought, as you ostenta-
 “ tiously declined the idea of a fordid par-
 “ tiality to any admirer, that my adoration
 “ might be favourably accepted ; you know
 “ me for your friend, your servant, and
 “ your lover.”——

As he pronounced these words very
 emphatically, Lady Hyndley entered the
 room ; she appeared highly enraged, and
 addressed Emily with a look of insolent se-
 verity : “ Since I know it, I shall take care
 “ to be so much the friend of *your* family,
 “ Madam, as not to let you throw yourself
 “ away upon a young man whose ingrati-
 “ tude to me proves him unworthy your
 “ affection.”

“affection.” Bruce was distressed at the
 interruption: “If I am your ladyship’s
 “friend, I am not your slave; your in-
 “fluence over me is that of haughty despo-
 “tism, not of insinuating tenderness; I
 “never meant to offend you by my regard
 “for Miss Bryant; *your* claims to my sin-
 “cerest and most zealous partiality are cer-
 “tainly unlimited, but why may I not, in an
 “honourable way, address my vows to a
 “lovely woman, who may boast her em-
 “pire over my heart, founded on virtue
 “and beauty?” Lady Hyndley grew more
 inflamed: “To-morrow, Madam, I must
 “recommend you to your family.” Bruce
 was stung at her illiberal use of power:
 “And to-morrow I shall return to Ox-
 “ford.” Lady Hyndley retired without
 a reply. Emily, who would not appear to

be sensible of her rudeness, told Bruce that
 she had written to Lady Bryant, and should
 have the carriage sent the next morning :
 “ My heart is so completely wrung by the
 “ gloomy events of these three days, that I
 “ shall hardly ever recover that airy mirth
 “ which has blessed me in every period of
 “ my life. I shall resign myself to sorrow
 “ and reflection, and endeavour to retire to
 “ the country, where no sounds or sights
 “ of pleasure can interrupt my melancholy.
 “ I confess to you, my tears will ever flow
 “ for the loss of poor Sir Harry ; why I so
 “ much respect his memory, and why my
 “ heart melts into the utmost softness of
 “ sorrow at the recollection of him, I
 “ know not, unless it is the sense of his
 “ unbounded generosity. Think not un-
 “ favourably of me for having loved him ; I
 “ have

“ have often told you it was friendship not
 “ passion.”

Bruce repeated his own ardent protestations : “ I must cease to hear you have so
 “ little regard for yourself and me, as to re-
 “ linquish all in the world that is worth
 “ living for; would *you* give up society
 “ who have a mind formed for all that is
 “ great and good ?”——His passionate vehemence affected her; she felt returning fondness glide into her soul; and she at last allowed him to vow eternal bondage to her, and to seal it with a kiss upon her hand.—At that instant the miniature of Sir Harry, which hung at her watch, fell to the ground, and broke. Bruce took it up, and saw her relapsing to her former uncertainty: “ Can
 “ an event so trifling, Madam, have the
 “ power of refuting my sincerity ?”——

Emily gazed on the picture without replying; at last she turned to Bruce, and, with a composed air, asked him, "What can make me amends for the loss of such a friend and the injury to such a picture? You cannot answer me—I'll tell you then; let me find in Bruce the man of honour, the tender friend, and the discreet companion, and I shall always estimate his regard as a compensation for every loss and every sorrow." Bruce with great delight acknowledged her goodness.

They now retired, Miss Bryant to her own apartment, and Bruce to Lady Hyndley, whom he found pouting with the sullen discontent of neglected vanity. He turned the conversation on young Forrester, the child of whom he had threatened to undertake

take the care, if her ladyship cast him off. She spoke of him with acrimony: "Do you think it right, George, that thisurchin should be a charge upon me? he will never repay me in any way for the generosity I may shew him."—"Therefore your ladyship seems inclined to keep him clear of ingratitude by never behaving towards him with common charity."—"I wish he was taken away, I cannot bear him, he puts me so much in mind of poor Sir Harry."—"Much as your ladyship hated your husband, I did not think you carried your antipathy so far as to detest the recollection of his image."—"How impertinent you are, George—but I shall dismiss the boy."—"I am sure you cannot be so cruel; he is a fine little rogue; let us send for

E 4

"him."

“him.”——“I won’t—I will not see
 “him.”——Bruce rung the bell, and the
 child was brought into the room; Lady
 Hyndley arose, and was going away, but
 Miss Bryant came in, and Bruce joined
 her in prevailing upon her ladyship to stay.
 The child sat for some time, but without
 speaking; at last Bruce called him: “How
 “should you like to go away from here,
 “and leave us?” The boy lifted up his
 eyes, and, looking earnestly at Lady Hynd-
 ley, he went up to her, and, laying his
 hand on her knee, “I don’t like to leave
 “such a pretty lady as this.” The speech
 operated like electricity upon the *generous*,
 the *beneficent* Lady Hyndley; she took the
 child in her arms, and kissed him with
 rapture: “Don’t fear, my sweet little one,
 “you never shall leave me, I’ll take care
 “of you as long as I live—he is a charm-
 “ing

“ing fine fellow, George; what eyes he
 “has, and this chin is quite Sir Harry’s!—
 “Ah! I shall love him for poor Sir Harry’s
 “sake—what have you had for dinner to-
 “day, my dear!—poor thing! he looks as
 “if he had not eat this week; do ring the
 “bell, George, let us have tea, and give
 “him something. Come, my little rogue,
 “you shall sit in my lap, and I’ll always
 “be your friend, and you will be my little
 “companion.”

The excessive fondness which Lady Hyndley lavished on the child was scarcely credible even to those who beheld it. One of the greatest masters of the human heart has said, *Nous sommes si accoutumés à nous déguiser aux autres, qu’à la fin nous nous déguisons à nous mêmes.*

The next day, previous to Emily’s departure,

parture, Bruce intreated her to let him accompany her to Sir Edward Bryant's. She would not hear of it: "Never, till you
 " have every right over me which my hand
 " can give you, shall you be seen by my
 " family; if they receive you as a man of
 " honour and a man of fortune, they will
 " take care to know that their expectations
 " are well-founded, and I shall have no
 " opportunity of trusting to the purity of
 " your principles or to the ardour of your
 " passion. You will be the choice of my
 " friends, not the choice of my heart; and
 " I shall be considered as a mere wife, who
 " has a right to every pleasure and respect
 " that you can give me. I shall be obliged
 " to advance a claim where I cannot prove
 " a welcome in your mind, and shall become no more than your rector, to take
 " tythes

“ tythes of all you possess and reside in
 “ the parsonage house. This will ren-
 “ der you and myself unworthy in my own
 “ eyes : when I cease to share your affec-
 “ tion, I will cease to deserve it ; and when
 “ I cease to deserve it, I will cease to claim
 “ it. While I am your friend I will treat
 “ you with the sincerity of a wife ; if I am
 “ your wife I will treat you with the ten-
 “ derness of a friend, and thus endeavour
 “ to exalt the character of both.”

Bruce was delighted with her frankness
 and her resolution : he endeavoured to per-
 suade her to marry him instantly, but she
 steadily refused : “ I owe respectful be-
 “ haviour to my friends, and that is all—
 “ but I owe much more to myself. Rec-
 “ titude, propriety, and discretion, are to
 “ be consulted ; they are *my* guardians, and
 “ I shall

“ I shall never marry without their consent *first had and obtained.*” Bruce smiled: “ You have read *Desfouches*, Madam?
Emily. Certainly.

B. Do you remember his *Triple Marriage*? It is a very good piece; Isabelle there says to Nérine of her lover, “ Je lui
 “ ai juré de n’épouser jamais que lui.” To which Nérine replies, “ Ma foi, Ma-
 “ demoiselle, il y a long tems que l’amour
 “ & le mariage ont fait divorce, et qu’ils
 “ ont juré de n’habiter plus ensemble; je
 “ compte plus sur leurs sermens que sur les
 “ votres.”

Emily. You are very severe in your application; but it is no new thing for young men to be more humorous than tender. Your vanity, in supposing I should break an oath because I am sincere, has led
 you

you into a most capricious inference which no reason can justify. I find I must learn to be less communicative. Now, therefore, we are quits. You have amply repaid my plain dealing, by the severe lesson you teach me to keep every pretended admirer at his proper distance. I make you a low courtesy for your excellent precept, and beg I may not see you often.

B. Every hour of——

Emily. That I may be able to put it in practice—for, to adhere rigidly to your doctrine, I ought never to see you again.

Emily was retiring, but Bruce recanted with so much pleasantry and ardour, that being now invested with the dignity of her serious lover, he *took the oaths and his seat in her heart.*

The resolution of Emily not to admit
Bruce

Bruce at Sir Edward's left him in a state of indeterminate anxiety. He could not bear her absence. She had told him that she should go for a few days to pay a visit in the country to one of her friends, Mrs. Ellyson. He was earnest to shew some new proof of his attachment, but he declined mentioning his intentions to Miss Bryant. He had informed her that he must return to Oxford the next morning, and he now repeated his declaration, adding, that he should fondly hope for a speedy interview with her, perhaps at Lady Hyndley's. On the ensuing day they parted; Miss Bryant returned to Sir Edward's, and in the evening set off to K. Mrs. Ellyson's house in the country.

Previous to Emily's departure, she again exerted her natural benevolence. To Lady
Hyndley

Hyndley she presented very valuable and elegant gifts, which she had bespoken for that purpose some time before. Her ladyship could hardly endure the acceptance of them, but the graceful charm with which Emily offered them, overcame her ladyship's aversion. To little Forrester, the new acquaintance at this house, who had been well educated in the days of his mother's prosperity, she gave some proper donations, which were handsome testimonies to his merit. Her ladyship and the whole family were astonished at her profusion and generosity: "Why do you do this, Miss Bryant? What claims have we in *your* opinion to the effusions of a liberality, which leads you to lavish these presents with such noble prodigality?"——"My respect, Madam, rather let me say my esteem,

" esteem, my affection for the memory of
 " Sir Harry, (and let me declare it with-
 " out offending your ladyship) will induce
 " me, through my life, to behave to his
 " friends and relations with solicitous en-
 " dearment: my tears will ever stream at
 " remembering the wretched termination
 " of his existence, and my heart will ever
 " glow with gratitude at the recollection of
 " the disinterested partiality by which he
 " attached me to his interests. He was a
 " munificent benefactor, prodigal in his
 " bounties to me; accepted by all my
 " family as one of my first friends; autho-
 " rised by their most unlimited regard, and
 " deserving every encomium from me by
 " the strength and the perpetuity of his
 " kindness: these are motives to gratitude;
 " but my heart seems to tell me, that even
 " had

“ had he never been so partial to me, I
 “ must yet have loved him with tenderneſs
 “ and with propriety, with invariable inno-
 “ cence and unequalled fervour.”

Lady Hyndley ſaid no more ; the gifts of Emily ſoftened her antipathy, and the manner in which ſhe now addreſſed her had ſuch an appearance of ſincerity, that ſhe could not help hoping ſhe ſpoke truth. The ſervants, Miſs Bryant, rewarded for their attention to her with the ſame dignity of beneficence ; and, when ſhe quitted Lady Hyndley’s houſe, carried with her the bleſſings and the admiration of every inmate.

Bruce took his leave, for a ſhort time, of Lady Hyndley ; he recommended the child once more in a very pathetic manner, and promiſed her ladyſhip to reviſit London ſhortly. He then departed, as ſhe ima-

gined, to Oxford, but really to the house of a friend, who assisted him in an important undertaking he had in view.

Bruce had been enamoured of many women yet had never before been sensible to a solid attachment. The dangers to which he was liable, from being discovered by Lady Hyndley, lost all their terror on the present occasion; and it was only his fear of being known to the friends of Emily, that urged him to seek the shelter of a disguise, by means of which he could remain concealed, and at the same time enjoy frequently the company of Miss Bryant. Love, the creator of all artifice, at last suggested to him the disguise of a footman, in which character he determined to offer his services to Sir Edward Bryant, who had discharged one a few days before.

None of the family knew him; Emily would, doubtless, for her own sake, assist the deception; and no difficulty occurred but the want of a recommendation from some former master. He immediately applied to his friend Orford, who had been a partner with him in many airy frolics. The proposal charmed a young man of less invention and of as much gaiety as Bruce. He sat down instantly, wrote a long letter to Sir Edward, and another to Lady Bryant, wherein he strained every epithet to exalt his friend's talents for the office he wished to fill: he repeated the most ardent declarations of that regard which he had so often professed for the family, and as a proof, recommended to them an excellent young man, the bearer, who was *formed to serve them*.

Colonel Orford was one of the most dissipated characters that blazed in the circles of fashionable splendour; yet he was a libertine, not from inclination but, from youthful vanity and habitual excess. He naturally abhorred dissipation of every kind, yet a false disdain of domestic virtues and rational amusements had plunged him into an early course of unceasing debauchery. He was often drunk, though he detested wine: he kept a mistress, to whose charms he was not insensible; but the dread of being thought constant, even to *her*, had frequently united him to the most elegant in high life and to the most despicable in the lower class of unfortunate women. He gamed deep; and, as he won without pleasure, he lost without anger. The brilliancy of his dress, the politeness of his manners, and the magnificence

nificence of his equipage, had secured him a place in the exalted circles, which are often ignorantly censured by those who cannot approach them, without being sincerely applauded by those who can.

Such was the assistant of Bruce in his present undertaking. A plain suit of cloaths being provided, he waited on Lady Bryant; and, after a few interrogations, was ordered to come to his place the next day.

Bruce's romantic disposition was every way gratified in the pursuit of this scheme. He was wrapped in the contemplation of his approaching triumph all the way to Colonel Orford's, and as he went along, ran against three posts, jostled a couple of porters, and overset an old lady, in the "cogit-
"bundity of his cogitations." He antici-
F 3 pated.

pated all those events which are governed
 by improbability, and foresaw the issue of
 every circumstance, and the train of every
 success, which *could not* possibly happen.
 “ While I am in the humble situation
 “ which awaits me, I shall not only indulge
 “ my enthusiasm in the cause of love but my
 “ raptures also in the service of friendship : I
 “ shall superadd, to the glory of gaining my
 “ mistress, the satisfaction of making new
 “ friends, a business which does honour to
 “ the man of benevolence and the man of
 “ the world. These friends too, whom I
 “ gain in an humble station, will be of the
 “ noblest kind. They will be faithful and
 “ disinterested ; I shall have the best oppor-
 “ tunity of trying their zeal and of proving
 “ their steadiness. Thus forming intima-
 “ cies

"cies, as no man ever did before, I shall
 "not be indebted to sordid views for *their*
 "attachment to me. The world will now
 "learn, that there still exists, in its full vi-
 "gour, and in its most splendid colours,
 "the lofty sentiment of generous regard;
 "and how much I have deserved esteem
 "will be manifest by my success in secur-
 "ing it." These were the self-complacent
 reflections of Bruce, as he left Lady
 Bryant's. In the same strain of wild
 imagination he raised ideal and indissoluble
 fabrics of friendship in his conversation
 with Orford, who smiled at his oddity and
 pitied his inexperience. Bruce, like a true
 Quixote, listened to no objections against
 the indulgence of his sanguine hopes; in his
 defence, we may remember that Cr billon

has fait, “ Les leçons et les exemples sont
 “ peu de choses pour un jeune homme, et
 “ ce n’est jamais qu’ à ses depens qu’il
 “ s’instruit*.”

• Les Egaremens du Cœur & de l’Esprit..

C H A P. III.

Sur cet exemple, on peut ici m'en croire ;

Trop de talens, trop de succès flatteurs

Traînent souvent la ruine des mœurs.

GRESSET.—Ver. Vert.

WHEN Bruce arose the next morning, and prepared for his departure, Orford informed him, that he had the day before called at Lady Hyndley's; that she was going to set off for the country without delay; that she intended to write a letter to Bruce as soon as she arrived there, and that she had, the day he called, sent young Forrester to a school at some distance from town, where, however, she did not intend he should remain, as she was grown

grown so fond of the child, it was impossible to part with him. She extolled him to the Colonel with unwearied praise : “ He is so pretty ; he has so many winning ways, and above all, though so young a child, he has the sense, Colonel, to enter deep into my character, for he never thinks of me but kindly ; and he lisps his dear little praises so naturally !—he is a charming child ; and if he goes on as well as he promises, we may hope from him every thing great and good.”

Bruce departed, and arrived at Sir Edward Bryant’s. His first object was to inquire after his Emily ; he was informed that she was gone to K. the residence of her friend Mrs. Ellyson and was to return very soon. He then inquired into the characters of the family ; and, cultivating an intimacy

intimacy with Lewiston, who was woman to Lady Bryant, he obtained the following information.

Sir Edward was a character not often seen. He was very facetious. Ever ready to be entertained by his friends, and contributed largely to their merriment: but he had a most dangerous talent; his love of ridicule was not professed. Disguised by a perpetual appearance of kindness, no one suspected that his great aim, in the cultivation of his friendships, was to exhibit, with treacherous skill, those deformities which disfigure the surface of every character in a greater or less degree. He had the art of soothing every body's failings, and extolling their absurdities, that he might obtain the *full length* of every folly, out of which he drew a fund of humour for the amusement
of

of the table. These perfidious blandishments were often happily exerted upon the most wise and the most gigantic minds, for as they were conscious of their own powers, they little suspected any one watched their intellectual blemishes with a daring and satirical merriment. Sir Edward had many friends and an unbounded acquaintance. A smooth address, a polished behaviour, and a countenance, which had been *drilled* at his entrance into life, and exercised in all the *evolutions* of attractive pleasantry and amiable benignity, fascinated those who were exposed to the derision of the spectators by his insidious mirth. He was a convivial basilisk, who attracted only to destroy.

Lady Bryant was an elegant woman. Her dress was the great object of her affections,

tions, and so powerfully was she attached to the Deity of fashion, that every passion and foible was concentrated in perpetual obedience to his dictates. Of such a woman I shall not now say much; she is a common character, but not to be despised for these propensities. Whoever renders themselves and the world more agreeable than they were are entitled to a very great portion of popular applause.

Emily and a son were the descendants of this family. Mr. Bryant had his mother's fondness for splendour, without his father's admiration for wit. He was very polite, for he would always laugh at a jest without requiring it to be explained, a condescension which often laid the relater under some obligation. Mr. Bryant's mouth was indeed perpetually "*ajar*." He was perfectly good-

good-natured. He would, at the cost of others, eat with anybody, drink with anybody, game with anybody, and do any thing with anybody. His constitution would have been early sacrificed to his facility of temper, and his estate, perhaps, spent before he came to it, but one trait in his disposition carried an antidote to all ruinous excesses ; for, of his friends, no one accused him of that pernicious brilliancy of expence or those powers of entertainment, which allure and enchain a company to the utter ruin of their possessor. Mr. Bryant was therefore only invited when he was thought of. The young men of spirit found him too penurious, and the young men of gaiety too dull, for their society. His chief associates were the *mere* women of fashion, whose insipid minds established a reciprocal security

security from every possible danger. With all this, his friend Temple declared, that Mr. Bryant once said a *good thing*; for, to the astonishment of every one—he said grace at dinner.

On the ensuing morning, Bruce and another servant attended Lady Bryant to pay visits. The first house they went to was an ill omen for Bruce. They stopped at Mrs. Sydney's, who was one of Bruce's most intimate friends, a woman from whom he had received many favours, and whose assistance he had some thoughts of soliciting on the subject of Miss Bryant. Mrs. Sydney had a large fortune, and was rather advanced in years. Among many good qualities, which rendered her truly amiable, she was principally beloved for her excessive zeal in promoting the happiness of young

young people, without patronizing their vices. She often inveighed against the cruelty and oppression with which the old rule the young, descanted very largely upon the envious jealousy with which they denied pleasures to youth, because they themselves were unable to partake of them. She frequently declared, that her mind should never be out of its *teens*; that she looked upon herself as bound in duty, for the honour of *age*, to shew the world that some people might be *old* and *human* at the same time, and to prove to them that there was not so much disgrace in a second childhood, provided the last infancy was nourished by the *milk of human kindness*. Such a woman was a proper person for Bruce to apply to in his late exigency; but the present scheme had rendered it unnecessary.

Lady

Lady Bryant stayed but a short time, and then drove to Lady Warynton's, where, while the servants waited, Lord W. came out. He looked at Bruce with some earnestness, and then asked him if he was not the new servant lately come from Col. Orford to Lady Bryant? Bruce replied in the affirmative; and Lord W. desiring to speak to him, he followed to the dressing-room; where, cautiously shutting the door, Lord W. began.

Ld. W. My honest friend, I have heard such an account of your skill and fidelity from your late master, who would never, I assure you, have parted with you but to oblige Sir Edward Bryant, that I am induced to rely upon your kindness and conduct in an affair of great importance. If I find I can depend upon you, promise yourself

every recompence my generosity can bestow, for, I never refuse to pay well, if I am served with integrity.

Br. The report of your lordship's liberality is not new to me. Fame has almost done justice to your high ideas and to your perpetual display of true nobility; I shall think myself gratified in the opportunity of shewing my respect for your character. To the sacred and so often abused title of *friend*, I can never hope to lay claim; it will be enough for me to possess the luxury of reflecting what an amicable sincerity might have been interwoven between our minds, had we been born equal.

Ld. W. Upon my word, you speak incomparably, for a fellow in your station. Where did you come from? I fancy you must have received a decent education.

Br. The

Br. The great lesson, my lord, which I have learned, has been to make myself useful. To cultivate the seeds of activity, fidelity, and attachment, which I early discovered in my own heart. A young lad, who has to make his way in the world, needs every requisite of diligence and prudence. I wish I could add to the present little stock of merit, which your lordship is pleased to estimate so highly, the pleasure of serving you in any undertaking with zeal and readiness.

Ld. W. You astonish me ! why you are just the person I wanted.—But I am so overwhelmed with surprise at your elevated sentiments, and the propriety of your address, that I can scarcely believe what I hear.

Br. I am forry for that, my lord, for I speak sincerely.

Ld. W. I do not doubt it; but I mean, 'tis melancholy for you to be in such a situation as your present one, with the abilities which you possess.

Br. I prefer my present situation to all others, my lord. I see the world; I have little trouble; and while I am treated with kindness, I shall never regret the prosperity which I see others in possession of. I am under many obligations to fortune; for, instead of giving me a mass of wealth, she has bestowed upon me the means of enjoyment.

Ld. W. And a philosopher too! This is the most extraordinary instance of fortune's caprice that I ever beheld—but we
have

have not now time to inquire about it. I see you have every excellence that I can wish for, and therefore I scruple not to tell you, you may look upon me as your friend. Here is a letter which I wish to have conveyed with all possible care, speed, and secrecy, to the place of its address. I hope you know your business, your interest, and my power to serve you, too well to betray me. I am equally amazed and delighted at your discourse; and, when I have more leisure, shall be very glad to hear your history, and to know if I can render you any solid service. In the mean time, there are five guineas, as a pledge of my future favour.

Br. No, my lord, you must excuse me if I decline your generous offer. I am a perfect stranger to you, and you cannot

tell of what value or unimportance may be my endeavours to acquit myself to your satisfaction. I will not abuse your bounty, by receiving a donation before I have deserved it. When I have executed your commission, and you have reason to commend me, I shall think myself amply recompensed by the honour of your praises.

Ld. W. By Heaven, you're a noble fellow ! Well, my good friend, I am almost ashamed of not having paid a worthier tribute to your merit, in a more decent way. I sincerely beg your pardon, and shall seek an opportunity to make amends for my deficiency. There is the letter ; it is for Miss Meredyth ; she lives in * * Street, Portman Square. If you can contrive to leave it before six, and bring me an answer, your whole commission will be fully executed ;

and

and I'll meet you at night at Mrs. Ruelle's in Dover Street.

Lady Bryant's carriage was now called; Bruce therefore quitted the room and soon after went away with her ladyship. They reached Sir Edward's before four, and Bruce was then luckily dispatched with some notes to that part of the town where Miss Meredyth resided. He went to the house; and, after waiting some time for an answer to Lord W.'s letter, he was ordered to come up stairs. A servant shewed him into a room where Miss Meredyth sat. She was a most beautiful woman, of five and twenty, elegantly dressed; and in her eyes were blended such a mixture of vivacity and tenderness, that their power was irresistible: "Do you live with Lord Warynton?"

Br. No, Madam, I live with Sir Edward Bryant; but have the honour of being employed by Lord Warynton on this occasion.

Miss M. You was ordered to wait for an answer?

Br. Certainly, Madam. I presume you are too well acquainted with the impatient disposition of Lord Warynton not to suppose that he ordered me to wait.

Miss M. Bless me! he had more sense than to mention the contents of his silly letter to any body, I hope?

Br. Upon no account, Madam—upon no account in the world—^{and} for it was impossible that any body could guess them.

Miss M. I fancy you would smile now, if you dared; and truly I could not blame you. I suppose you are his confidant?

Br.

Br. I dare not boast so much, Madam ; for I have not earned his unlimited frankness.

Miss M. Is this the first embassy of the kind in which he has employed you?

Br. Upon my honour it is—and perhaps, Madam, it will be the last.

Miss M. I hope so, for his own sake. There is an answer, it is very short—but it is the last I shall write.

Br. May I presume to request, Madam, that the answer shall be such as will afford him some pleasure? I should be very unwilling to be the messenger of unpleasing news.

Miss M. How, are you interested in it?

Br. No further than as I am influenced by my very great respect for Lord Warynton.

Miss

Miss M. I never desire to hear any thing about Lord Warynton ; and I should think myself indebted to you, if you would for the future decline bringing me any letters or messages from him.

Br. I never before, Madam, was so cruelly situated. His lordship's kindness to me has been so great, I think myself every way obliged to exert myself in his service ; and, I confess, till now never thought it difficult to obey him. Permit me to say, that when he gave me the billet, which I just brought, it was with an air of so much truth and tenderness, that I did not doubt his success, in whatever it contained, before I saw you—and still less afterwards.

Miss M. You plead his cause very well. Who taught you to speak so much
above

above your station? You must have had an able teacher.

Br. Indeed I had, Madam; but names are sacred. I shall have a much higher opinion both of the instructor and the pupil, if I can prevail upon you to send his lordship a gentle answer.

Miss M. Who are you? Have you lived long with Sir Edward?

Br. Two days, Madam.

Miss M. Your history must be interesting. I wonder by what strange fatality you have been so misplaced in the world. To a person of your sagacity, such a situation must be truly mortifying. Have you no prospect of raising yourself to a more eligible rank?

Br. Why should I, Madam? That post, which gives me the opportunity of access

cess to so lovely a woman as Miss Meredith, can have no circumstances, however disagreeable, which are not easily borne. But, the truth is, that the condition of a lacquais has ten thousand advantages which I may say our superiors never attain to. In the first place, we are often at the tables of the great; and some among us have the ear of the leading men in this country.

Miss M. What, the men of fashion?

Br. No, Ma'am, those are the *led* men; I mean the men in power—But, I beg pardon, I should have mentioned first, a much more important advantage—we are always near the ladies, the contemplation of whose beauty mitigates many difficulties and many sorrows.

Miss M. I should rather imagine you must be frequently mortified, if you have
the

the sensibility to be touched by beauties, which you can never possess.

Br. Pardon me, Madam ; there are some women whose portraits are inimitably fine, but who are obscured by a want of interest in the countenance—there are others indeed—Here he sighed, and looked on the ground ; Miss Meredyth replied, “ Well, what of those others ? How do they differ ? ”

Br. In the radiance which their minds communicate to their eyes, and that delightful illumination and intelligence which are diffused through their countenances.

Miss M. Then the sex seems to be divided between light and shade.

Br. I never presume, Madam, to judge decisively. I am too young, and ought to be too diffident of my own discernment, to
form

form an opinion, which a glance from a beautiful woman may destroy in an instant.

Miss M. And, do you never venture to form any opinion of the sex, then?

Br. Yes, Madam, one invariable decision—that they can be judged of by no general rule.

Miss M. This is rude, Sir—your good sense might have taught you better, and your good manners should have deterred you from giving a verdict you cannot support. Your vanity has been excited by some unexpected, perhaps some unmerited honour; and you suffer a vanity, which might be turned to your advantage, to be misled by your spleen.

Br. Spleen, Madam, I have none—Vanity I have much, and I never found it
dangerously

dangerously gratified till now. Your solicitude to hear my opinion made you forget the inconvenience of sincerity. I will make any apologies for daring to be ingenuous and must submit to your severe censure of my inability to deceive you.

Bruce here made a very graceful bow, and was retiring, when Miss Meredyth, with a blush, called him back.

Miss M. I beg your pardon for what I said, and for seeming more interested in your story than it was possible I could be. If my respect for Lord Warynton led me to be candid to his ambassador, I may escape reproof without the charge even of impropriety.

Br. You charm me, Madam, by your good opinion of his lordship; and I shall take particular care to convince him how

sensible you are of his merit. He will be delighted at the success of my embassy, since I have obtained for him—what I could not procure for myself—your good opinion.

Miss M. Nay, nay—do not run away in an error and mislead your employer—I never intend to see Lord Warynton; and, I request you, if he asks your opinion on the probability of his success, that you will tell him so. You seem not to be acquainted with either my situation in life or my principles of action. I am a woman born to be swayed by passion and prepossession. The tenderest and the softest impulse of the heart is mingled with all my ideas of pleasure and plans of happiness. Fond and luxurious, I have yet neither injustice nor arrogance: it is my error to yield to the first emotions excited by love and to acknowledge

knowledge an impression even from an inferior—but I will never sacrifice myself to the importunity of those who have higher duties and superior claims.

A soft effusion upon her cheeks, excited by a mixture of shame and passion, conferred new beauty upon the charms of Miss Meredyth ; she walked to the window, and Bruce, who was never at a loss, replied immediately :

Br. You honour me, Madam, by your noble frankness, which I, so much your inferior, have no right to expect. I applaud that spirit of integrity and independence which enables you to pursue your own pleasure, without being gratified at the expence of your equity, or the peace of others. What shall I say to Lord Warynton ? Will he not suspect me of neglecting the charge

I have received? I fear I shall incur his resentment.

Miss M. You ought, for you see his lordship has the gallantry to be in fear of incurring mine.

Br. I feel your reproach very sensibly—but I dare not be my own interpreter, and still more I fear to be your's.

Miss M. These fears may increase, and I never wish to be the cause of such unpleasing sensations. The whimsical pride of hiding your penetration ill suits with the high ideas that might be formed of your generosity at first seeing you. I am sorry that I have so far forgot what is due to you, and what is due to myself. You could hardly, therefore, wonder if I hinted to you, that no message from Lord Warynton can be agreeable to me, and that his

messengers must have politeness and good sense, at least equal to your perverseness, before I can receive them with friendly confidence.

Br. I can bear any evil, Madam, but your displeasure.

A servant now entered the room and announced Mr. Aigrette the jeweller: "Tell him," said Miss M. "that I am engaged at present, but that I will send to him to-day."

The servant retired. Miss Meredyth paused a few minutes, and then unlocking a drawer, took out a *fausse-montre*: "In your way home, oblige me by leaving this at Aigrette's; he is to return a *cas-ket*, which I shall thank you for bringing to me any time to-morrow, but deliver it into no hands except my own."

Bruce readily promised to obey her; he asked if she had any further commands: "I have no right to command," replied Miss Meredyth, "where neither condemnation nor influence are acknowledged. You boast of being a servant to Lord Warynton as well as to Sir Edward Bryant, and who would quit the service or the interests of two such men?"—— "How am I to understand you, Madam? ——" "You are in great haste!—but, however, let me see you to-morrow."—— Bruce added a final obeisance and withdrew. "What a singular woman!" he reflected as he returned from her: "She is exquisitely beautiful! I believe, (Emily forgive me!) I believe I sighed—did I sigh?—and if I did, what then? I am too much attached to Emily to suspect myself

"self

“ self—but I am to call again to-morrow—
 “ to what end? She is very pretty—but
 “ what is that to me—I am only plenipo
 “ from Lord Warynton—but then I have
 “ declined all mercenary advantages, and
 “ in love I ought to do so—I’ll ask Miss
 “ Meredyth’s opinion of it—she may per
 “ haps recompense my fidelity and disin
 “ tereſtedneſs—and it ſhould be requited
 “ with ſomething more than praiſe. How I
 “ wander, but—‘ *L’amour n’eſt qu’illusion; il*
 ‘ *ſe fait pour ainſi dire un autre univers; il*
 ‘ *s’entoure d’objets qui ne ſont point, ou auxquels*
 ‘ *lui ſeul a donné l’être: et comme il rend tous*
 ‘ *ſes ſentimens en images, ſon langage eſt tou*
 ‘ *jours figuré.’”*

ROUSSEAU, Heloiſe.

C H A P. IV.

“ It falls out, very often, that, in moral questions, the
 “ philosophers in the gown and in the livery differ
 “ not so much in their sentiments as in their language,
 “ and have equal power of discerning right, though
 “ they cannot point it out to others with equal ad-
 “ dress.”

THE RAMBLER, N^o 68.

IT was half past six before Bruce arrived at Dover-street. When he entered Mrs. Ruelle's house, he was desired to walk into a room, where Lord Warynton presently came to him: “ Well, my
 “ ingenious philosopher, have you succeeded
 “ ed in delivering my letter? Was she at
 “ home and in a good humour? But per-
 “ haps you did not see her.” Bruce gave the reply from Miss Meredyth with a smile.

His

His lordship opened it, and read with astonishment the following words, which he then repeated to Bruce : “ Your lordship knows
 “ my principles and my errors ; if I have not
 “ been delicate and lofty in my sentiments
 “ of love, I have been invariably governed
 “ in the choice of my companions by opinions in some degree honourable. I
 “ have before told you, that as I am at my
 “ own disposal, I will follow the dictates of
 “ a heart which has yet been depraved by
 “ only one failing. I never will receive
 “ the addresses of a married man, nor add
 “ to the list of my offences the crime of
 “ destroying the honour and happiness of a
 “ whole family. I must decline permitting
 “ any farther importunities from a man
 “ whom every tie of probity, generosity,
 “ and propriety forbids me to listen to.”

“And was this all you could do for me? Inexorable woman!—I would give my life and fortune for her favours.”

Br. She wishes your lordship very well; and you find that her regard for your character and her own, is an insurmountable bar to your seeing her.

Ld. W. What can she mean? a woman with such fine libertine principles as she has always professed, would scorn the vulgar squeamish affectation of a narrow-minded girl.

Br. I must say there is great honour, my Lord, in her rejecting your offers, because you are married. She seems a very extraordinary creature, and, no doubt, piques herself upon being no one's enemy but her own.

Ld. W. I wish I had never seen her.

Indeed,

Indeed, my friend, you must go to her for me once more—to-morrow you shall have another note; I cannot give her up, it is impossible. You are willing to serve me in this business, and since you have professed your zeal, prove it by your success.

Br. To-morrow, my Lord, I will certainly attend you again.

Ld. W. Will you do me the favour to call a coach? Bruce obeyed, the coach was called, and he retired. When he reached Sir Edward's he was reprimanded by Lady Bryant for his lingering on his messages. Mrs. Lewston, her woman, who was present, mentioned that he had been at the same time employed by her, and took great pains to exonerate Bruce from her ladyship's displeasure. As he came down stairs, Mrs. Lewston followed him:

“ I was

“ I was very glad, James, that I happened
 “ to be in the way when my lady was angry;
 “ I hate words, and you may always depend
 “ upon me to get you out of a scrape.” Bruce
 thanked her, and she proceeded: “ Will
 “ you sup with me to-night in my room?
 “ Do; I shall have a friend just to pick a
 “ bit, and we may have a nice evening.
 “ My lady and Sir Edward will be out, so
 “ we shall hardly be wanted; do, let us,
 “ James—pray why can’t we keep life and
 “ soul together as well as our betters? and
 “ I assure you we will have a nice evening.
 “ —Mrs. Honour, in Tom Jones, had
 “ often a nice evening; and Mrs. Slip-
 “ flop, in one of ’Squire Richardson’s stories
 “ —let me see which was it—ay, God’s
 “ Revenge against Adultery—ay, there
 “ was another nice evening—and we’ll
 “ have

“ have one too. You see I have been edu-
 “ cated, James—I’ve read—yes, a many
 “ books—I have been a great reader in my
 “ time : I subscribed for a month to a cir-
 “ culating library ; and I read a volume of
 “ *Mr. Shandy’s Travels*—and I read the
 “ *Adventures of a Pump*—and the *Memoirs*
 “ *of an old Hat*, and the *Life of Peter the*
 “ *Postman*, and half a volume of the *For-*
 “ *tunate Fool*, and a chapter in the *Civility*
 “ *of Sentiment*, and——

Bruce, who became stunned by her cla-
 morous enumeration of what she had read,
 replied with a smile : “ I dare say, Mrs.
 “ Lewiston, you have employed the leisure
 “ you have occasionally found very pro-
 “ perly ; and indeed the elegant choice of
 “ your favourite authors convinces me of
 “ your distinguished taste. I shall, without
 “ doubt, hasten to join your agreeable
 “ party

“ party of this evening, but must beg your
 “ excuse at present, as I am to attend my
 “ lady to the Opera.” The arrival of
 Colonel Orford, and the duties of his office,
 terminated this conference. The Colonel
 found an opportunity of speaking to Bruce:
 “ I perceive here have been many remarks
 “ made upon your conduct; Lady Bryant
 “ says there is something so uncommonly
 “ refined in your discourse and your man-
 “ ners, that she cannot imagine where you
 “ have been bred. She likes you very
 “ much, but your misdemeanour of this
 “ evening must be repaired by double dili-
 “ gence for the future, since I perceive her
 “ favour is easily gained and easily lost.
 “ Sir Edward is a very easy man to serve;
 “ and if you can find any opportunity to be
 “ witty, he will adore you. I have been
 “ enquiring

“ enquiring about Emily ; she is to return
 “ soon. When she comes make yourself
 “ known to her, and endeavour to prevail
 “ upon her to fly immediately : at my
 “ house in the country you shall find an
 “ asylum. I must caution you to beware
 “ of Lady Bryant ; she is jealous of her
 “ daughter’s personal attractions, and would
 “ not endure that she should have any
 “ influence even over her domestics.”——

“ You would not censure me,” said Bruce,
 “ if you knew the unaccountable adventure
 “ I have had ; pray tell me did you ever
 “ hear of a Miss Meredyth, who lives in
 “ *** street ?”——“ I recollect the name ;
 “ and now it occurs to me that I heard
 “ her mentioned in a whisper one day lately
 “ to Lord Warynton, by a young fellow
 “ whom I meet there sometimes ; his name
 “ is

“ is Evelyne : if you can contrive to be
 “ present the next time he is with his lord-
 “ ship, where he frequently visits, you may
 “ obtain some information from him.”
 Bruce then gave him an account of the
 events in that day. Orford became curious
 for a further knowledge of Miss Meredyth,
 and promised to bring Mr. Evelyne to
 Lord Warynton’s, if he could meet him
 as if by chance the next morning. “ Eve-
 “ lyne is very communicative, and desires
 “ nothing more than to oblige a friend : he
 “ is patronised by Lord Warynton with so
 “ much real regard, that he is anxious for
 “ every opportunity to serve his lordship’s
 “ acquaintance. He is a new character,
 “ and worth your seeing.”

The carriage now set off for the Opera
 with Lady Bryant, Sir Edward, Mr. Bry-
 ant,

ant, and Colonel Orford, attended by Bruce, and John another servant. When they were set down, John turned to Bruce: "I don't know how you may find yourself, Master James, but I am plaguy hot with my ride; come, I'll go and dip my beak into a bottle, and I dare say if you do the same none will go the wrong way." Bruce, who determined to see as much of the world as his present situation afforded, willingly accepted the invitation. "Where do we go? To the next house?"—"No," replied John, "I was minded to go to the *Rainbow* in *** street, for at the Golden Goat the company is too low for any genteel person." Bruce, smiling at his delicacy, asked him if the *Rainbow* then was frequented

quented only by people of the *first rank*?
 ——“ No one comes there but with their
 “ own carriage—we don’t admit *hackney*
 “ comers.—If a servant was to come who
 “ had only attended a hack, we should
 “ take his number, and oust him immedi-
 “ ately—No, the peers, people of fortune,
 “ and professions, are the only members of
 “ our society, and no new one can be ad-
 “ mitted without the consent of the whole
 “ club—a visiter now and then is received,
 “ but then he must treat the company if he
 “ is inferior. The Prince of Wales’s or
 “ any *royal* servant may be admitted an ho-
 “ norary member ; for whatever people may
 “ say, Master James, there is nothing like
 “ blood, and none despise it but those who
 “ are of low origin. We all stick very
 “ strictly

“ strictly to our rules, and keep the foci-
 “ ety very sacred.—Such are the conditions
 “ at the Rainbow.”

Br. “ The Rainbow ; ” — ay, that’s
 where servants stand at *livery*.

They now arrived at the house, and
 John going up to the bar, addressed the
 girl, who was very pretty, “ Well, *Nina*,
 “ who’s come ? a great many are expected ;
 “ you know Saturday is always Opera and
 “ club-night, but at present there are only
 “ *The Busy Body, George Barnwell, The*
 “ *Midsummer Night’s Dream, Seduction,*
 “ and his brother *Such Things are*—there’s
 “ *Hamlet* just coming in at the door—and
 “ —who’s that ?——Lord bless me ! I
 “ vow it’s the *Agreeable Surprise*—that dear
 “ little fellow whom we have not had so
 “ long ; I am glad to see him here again.”

She went to the two men who entered,
 and John turning to Bruce, desired him to
 walk up: " You are to know, Mr. James,
 " that there is a little secret I must treat
 " you with before we go in: all our club,
 " when we first formed ourselves, were at
 " a loss how to distinguish one member
 " from another. The names John, Dick,
 " Harry, Thomas, might often clash, as
 " there might be many of the same name
 " in company. As to our *surnames*, many
 " of us hardly knew 'em ourselves. To
 " take the names of our masters was not
 " agreeable, for, you know, it has been
 " made the subject of laughter so much,
 " that we disdained running the same
 " risque again. While we were in this
 " state of doubt, I met with a clever young
 " dog, who lives servant with Miss Ben-

" veal,

"wal, an acquaintance of my lady's: he,
 " Sir, had been a strolling player, and he
 " put us in the head to name every mem-
 " ber by the name of some good acting
 " play, according to his own manners, dis-
 " position, or rank in life; we hit upon the
 " scheme, and it answers vastly well—so
 " you must not wonder if you hear us call
 " each other by odd names."

Br. I hope the young fellow, who was
 so lucky as to give you a hint for proper
 epithets for each member, was amply re-
 compensated in return.

Johni. Will you credit it! I never could
 get him made member of the society—and
 indeed who could expect it? We could
 not, you know, admit a fellow who had
 been a strolling player into such a meeting
 as our's. No, he dines with us now and

then, and we have the greatest esteem for him possible—but he cannot rank with us.

They now entered the room—John went up to one of them: “Friend Barn-
 “well, how is it with you?—tip us your
 “hand, my little master.—Well, my boys,
 “I have brought you a brother to peep
 “on us for the night—there he is—I am
 “sorry, faith, that you’re not all here, I
 “mean to propose him as a member—in-
 “deed we don’t like to increase our num-
 “ber; but, hang it, for a friend.”——
 “Ah, friend Macbeth, friend Macbeth,”
 rejoined the other——“sad news, Mac-
 “beth! sad news indeed!”——“What
 “the plague’s the matter?”——“The
 “poor *Deuce is in him* is dead.”——“Is
 “he, faith?—poor *Deuce is in him!* is it
 “true?——Yes, too true; his flambeaux
 “went

“ went out last night—turned out of the
 “ world at a minute’s warning, and I don’t
 “ think he’ll meet with such a good place
 “ there as he had here—great wages and
 “ little to do—never obliged to go out
 “ with the carriage—no, he’ll find no such
 “ place again.”——“ What did he die of?”
 ——“ Ah! don’t mention it! the poor fel-
 “ low died of a rout—carrying invitations
 “ from her ladyship he took a fever, and
 “ quitted the service.—But come, let us
 “ have more of this port—pretty good is n’t
 “ it, Macbeth?——So, here’s some more
 “ of us coming.”——John and Bruce sat
 down, and, as the rest of the members en-
 tered, John told him their names: “ You
 “ see the smart fellow that’s coming in now,
 “ with his hair well dressed, and a very good
 “ pair of eyes, which he is always rolling

“about; he is perpetually ogling the
 “wenches—his name is *King Leer*. He
 “that follows is the son of a cabinet-maker
 “who broke; he lives with Lord Lively,
 “and takes his place here under the name
 “of *The Upholsterer*.—There comes a fo-
 “reign fellow, that serves Lord Muskall;
 “he imports every year large quantities of
 “essences and perfumes of every sort from
 “Italy—he is the *Merchant of Venice*.”—
 “Really,” interrupted Bruce, “you seem to
 “be quite master of the subject; you have
 “adapted these names very skilfully—I pre-
 “sume some of your club read.”—“Some
 “few—there are about five or six of us
 “who are dabs at scholarship—all these read
 “you every play and poem as they come
 “out—but we begin to think of leaving it
 “off, for it grows damned vulgar: our
 “masters

“masters and mistresses have disdained the
 “thing a long time—when they threw it
 “off, we took it up; but it is really be-
 “come so very ungenteel, that I think (as
 “we are sometimes obliged in the way of
 “our profession to handle the pen) the ris-
 “ing generation of footmen must hit upon
 “a scheme for learning to write, without
 “ever degrading themselves by learning to
 “read.”

Another party now entered:—“That
 “chap in the blue and white livery trim-
 “med with silver lace,” said John, “is a
 “devilish shrewd lad; he assisted *Sir Gretna*
 “*Green* in carrying off the great Welch
 “heirefs, and has done a vast deal of business
 “in that way—he is here known as *The*
 “*Beaux Stratagem*: he is growing rich,
 “and I fancy will soon resign.—The mid-

“dle-aged man is one that’s always ripe
 “with some comical story, with which he
 “sometimes keeps our society upon the
 “roar for a whole night; his name is *I’ll*
 “*tell you what*.—That one entering with
 “the bottle in his hand, is the purveyor of
 “our liquors; he was butler to *Count*
 “*Quaff*, and understands wine amazingly
 “well—he is *The Critic*.”—A brisk, jovial
 fellow now entered: “Ah, my hearts,
 “are you all here?—Come, a proposal to
 “you—and I shall make it with dry lips,
 “for damme if I’ll kiss the cup till I have
 “your agreements:—Here’s the poor
 “*Deuce is in him* gone dead—turned the
 “corner, and so forth; he has left his wife
 “without much money—what say you, my
 “merry men all? Suppose we kick up a
 “little for the poor woman, without leav-
 “ing

“ing her to the mortification of applying
 “to the *charitable and humane and those*
 “*whom Heaven has blessed with affluence.*”

The motion was received with much applause; and these good fellows, with a benevolence which would have done honour to the noblest station, collected a large sum for the widow of their late companion.

Bruce now took his leave. He had beheld a proof of exalted generosity in a rank of life, the individuals of which are censured because they feel their own importance in the scale of human beings, and are cruelly and unjustly despised, because they are dependent upon the wealth, the caprice, and the insolence of their masters, to whom they frequently find themselves superior in intellect, good sense, and knowledge

ledge

ledge of the world : among such noble dispositions, the enthusiasm of Bruce led him to anticipate faithful friends, and perhaps his romance was seldom more excusable, for their profusion was the effect of generosity, and their civility was the language of nature.

It was after ten when Bruce went to Mrs. Lewston's rooms, where he found her all alone. "My friend is not yet come, I can't think what keeps her; she is vast alluring, James; she is such a fine creature, about twenty, with a pretty little fortune, I assure you. Cast your eye at her," pursued she, tapping him on the shoulder, "cast your eye at her, or she will get married before you expect; Money makes the mare to go."

Br. I am too young to marry, Mrs.

Lewston

Lewston—besides I don't know enough of the world.

L. No, no, you are too old to be single, and you know more of the world even than I do, and this is the place to make use of it—Here you may make yourself friends in abundance.—Mrs. Lewston's friend now entered, and Lewston spoke very fondly : “ My dear Betsy, “ where have you been? how long you “ stayed! What, I suppose Miss Benwal “ had not done her evening duty? I warrant now she has been rehearsing all the “ articles of her belief.”

Betty. Yes, she has read all the Apocrypha to me. I thought I should have never got away. Then she sent me to a poor lad who formerly lived with her, to carry a receipt for the evil; she won't let him

him come to her, as all the rest of the patients do, because he told her a lie some little time ago, and she ever since calls him her little Gehazi. Then I was obliged to go home to her again, and she had got two or three people from the parish in the country; they were settling accounts with her in the Gilgal room.

Mrs. L. The *what* room?

Betty. Dear me! did not you know that all our apartments are named after scripture?

L. No; what can that mean?

Betty. Every one of 'em—they have all their separate uses. In one she sees her sick people; in another she manages the church affairs; in another she receives the complaints of her pensioners; another she keeps for strangers. And all her rooms have,

as I said before, particular names taken from the bible: there is the Ark parlour; there is the little Canaan closet; the Red-sea room—that's where the company dine; the Moses and Aaron drawing-room, where she entertains her two rectors in town and country, with the principal managing people of the charities. There's the Shem and Japheth dressing-room, where she distributes the apparel which she gives away—I can't remember half the names of the places where, as she says, she *does her functions*; and indeed we all owe Ainsworth, our fellow-servant, who was a player, and first put it in her head to nickname them, we all owe him a grudge for advising her to continue the custom.

Mrs. L. I never heard, in all the works
I ever

I ever read, of such a woman as Miss Benwal.

Bruce. Really I should think your house must be like an inn—I suppose, when any body calls on Miss Benwal, the order is “Shew them into the Lamentations.”

Betty. Ha! ha! I’ve heard of Mr. James’s humour before I saw him—a friend of mine, indeed, spoke so handsomely of him, that I must have known him if I had not been told who he was. There are people whom one as it were *predestinates*, I think my mistress calls it—I beg pardon, Sir, but I am so used to talk church language, that I hope you’ll excuse it.

The girl continued, all the evening, to ogle Bruce. He went home with her, and it was not without difficulty that he
extricated

extricated himself from the influence of her eyes. He returned to Mrs. Lewston, and from her collected an account of the mistress. Miss Benwal was a good and a weak woman; and she was infinitely pious. Her fortune was large, but she limited her expences from the most laudable of all motives, that she might be able to distribute without splendour, and without error, *“health to the sick, and solace to the swain.”* Her whole time was nearly occupied in these exemplary employments, which were so many and so various, accompanied with such intricacies of imposition, and attended with such frequent displays of mistaken benevolence, that envious malignity would raise false reports, and wicked wit ridiculous laughs, at Miss Benwal’s expence. It should, however, be considered that much

general good cannot be done without infinite labour, even by an opulent benefactor. Miss Benwal might have bestowed smaller donations with more brilliancy, if she had confined her charity to a less circle, but she was anxious to do much good, and to many people. The part she took in a variety of concerns induced one eternal scene of restless irritation through her whole life. Slight distresses were to be appeased, and trifling wishes to be gratified. She entered with strenuous diligence into every petitioner's concerns; and her fear of being imposed upon rendered her inquiries sometimes superfluous, and often absurd. Her house was crowded with paupers, yet she had an odd whim of giving to none but such as were perfectly clean, and always professed to receive only
the

the *neat and the needy*. Complaints of various kinds were often brought before her, and she adjusted them more by authority than skill. A poor woman came to her to complain that what she had earned in the week, had been taken from her by a drunken husband, "who was always in the alehouse, and never at home."——
 "Heark'ye, good woman, do you understand the Trinity."——"Please you, Madam?"——"I say do you understand the construction of the Trinity?"——
 "Why, if it's like your honour, Madam, I think I—you know, Madam, I dare say; and if you know it, your honour, we all know it, for your ladyship's honour understands for the whole parish."——
 "Ho! ho!—I see how it is; why,

“woman, how can you have the face to
 “come into my holy house, and not be
 “able to explain your religion? And how
 “d’ye ever expect your husband to stay at
 “home with you if you don’t understand
 “the Trinity.”——“Will your honour,
 “Madam, be kind enough to explain it.”
 ——“No, I won’t indeed, you’re not wor-
 “thy of being acquainted with the Trinity;
 “go away, go home to your drunken hus-
 “band; poor good man, I dare say he has
 “plague enough with you, —there, go
 “away, and never let me see you again.”

Miss Benwal went regularly to church,
 but forbid any of her dependants to recog-
 nize her in so sacred a place: “take care
 “of your *to come*,” was her réproof to a
 poor man who one day made her a pro-

found reverence in the aisle; “no bowing
 “of the body when God is in company;
 “churches were not built to bow in.”

The girl whom Bruce had met, was a great favourite with Miss Benwal. She took her in some measure from her demure appearance, as well as on account of her name, which had been renowned in the annals of holy mother church. Betty Tillotson was just seventeen, tall, and well made, with a pair of black eyes which were remarkably brilliant. She dressed affectedly plain, and her conversation was always disguised by a simper, under which she said many odd things. Betty was not what she seemed; she valued her reputation highly, as she knew it was all she had to value, except her person. Of her mistress's devotion she had only the semblance,

and never opened her prayer-book but she turned over a *new* leaf. Miss Benwal always took her to church, and Miss Benwal's pew was the object of general admiration. "You see, Betty," was her mistress's constant remark, "You see how my humble sanctity attracts the public eye."—"True, Madam, you have to be sure introduced a *new form of worship*."—"No, Betty, mine is the established religion of my country."

C H A P. V.

I learn

Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription (of the most
 I would be understood :) in prosp'rous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
 Not to be found though sought.

MILTON's *Samson Agonistes*.

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend.
 I tamely can endure the first,
 But this with envy makes me burst.

SWIFT's *Verses on his own Death*.

Perish the hope that deadens young desire !
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire ;
 Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire !

BEATTIE's *Mistrel*, part I, v. 34.

BRUCE, who was appointed to carry
 the casket to Miss Meredyth the next
 day, went to the jeweller, and before he

waited on her, called at Lord Warynton's, who was at breakfast with Colonel Orford and Mr. Evelyne. When Bruce arrived, the Colonel, after having slightly noticed him, took his leave. His lordship was exhilarated at again seeing Bruce. " You are
 " come very a-pro-pos, for I have written a
 " note which I wish you to take care of:
 " wait a few minutes, while my little friend
 " Evelyne satisfies my curiosity upon a sub-
 " ject of some importance; I will seal my
 " letter, and we will then hear what he has
 " to impart: you may remain here, as you
 " can perhaps yourself now throw some
 " light on the narrative." Lord Warynton began reading his letter, and sighed very bitterly at the remembrance of Miss Meredith. He endeavoured to disguise his sorrow, and mentioning his son, addressed

Evelyne

Evelyne with affected levity; “ I expect
 “ Tom from Eton in a few days; I hope
 “ you will go down with us to Mount-
 “ bridge while he is with me; Tom’s a
 “ merry dog, and will make your time pass
 “ agreeably; I shall be very happy to see
 “ him in such company as your’s, and
 “ highly obliged that you will kindly relin-
 “ quish your more rational avocations to
 “ pass a little time with my young rebel.”

Evelyne received the invitation with grati-
 tude and propriety. “ Your lordship has
 “ so many noble ways of conferring fa-
 “ vours, and extending beneficence, that I
 “ am destitute even of expression to thank
 “ you: the delight of those happy days
 “ I passed with your son Mr. Harwal, at
 “ Eton, where his generosity was refined
 “ by his friendship, can be exceeded only

“ by the felicity which you are so perpe-
 “ tually lavishing upon me. The patro-
 “ nage which I so long foolishly expected
 “ from others, with all the eagerness of
 “ youthful credulity, I have been honoured
 “ with by your lordship beyond my ex-
 “ pectations, and beyond my deserts. The
 “ vapid promises of professors in friendship,
 “ have yet been of infinite use to me; for as
 “ a charming writer * has observed in one
 “ of his admirable poems,

*Le speranze fuggitivi e incerte
 Sogni son di chi dorme a ciglia aperta.*

“ They have taught me the great lesson of
 “ life, never to expect bounties, and never
 “ to forget them.”

A sketch of Evelyne's character and

* Fulvio Testi.

situation

situation in life may here be acceptable. He became acquainted with lord Warynton by an intimacy with his lordship's son at Eton school, which Evelyne had quitted three years before.

Evelyne was a young man of eligible fortune, and of abilities which he did not always display. He had not a large acquaintance, nor were his good qualities very generally known. It requires great abilities and great confidence in any man to step forth the publisher of his own intellectual supremacy, and to demand a respect which the world is not often willing to grant; for mankind rather than estimate it too highly, will not estimate it at all, and it is not every one who can patiently bear the refusal.

Evelyne's virtues I fear mentioning too
highly.

highly. They were of that easy and complacent kind which, without loftiness or radiance, attracted no stranger, but pleased every friend. An even temper, and a lively disposition, made him tolerably agreeable to others, and invariably happy within himself. An aversion to the bustle of public entertainment induced him to pass much of his time in solitude, though his love of social pleasure was very great. His leisure hours were constantly employed in tranquil avocations, and rational study, but he was yet much delighted to find himself in the circles of the wise, the gay, and the learned, and among these he did not often pass an hour without much profit and some honour.

He was in company remarkably silent, but upon occasions where he was attracted
by

By kindness or roused by insolence, it was said of him, that he could with unexpected brilliancy rescue his character from the imputation of weakness; that he could repay good-breeding with elegance, and mortify pride with unremitting severity.

Lord Warynton, with a generous friendship *took him by the hand*, introduced him to his house, to his table, and to his friends. Evelyne, notwithstanding his love of solitude, had still long wished to be more known in public. Many people had promised to present him in different circles, and at various societies. Many had professed their esteem, but no one had ventured to enlarge the number of his acquaintance, or to *introduce him into the world*; that great source of reputation and advantage had been studiously eluded through the selfish caution

tion of some, and unkindly omitted through the petty negligence, and cruel indifference of others. The truth is, he whose claims to distinction arise from intellectual merit, must by some successful effort make those claims appear; he will rarely find a friend sufficiently generous and disinterested to elicit, by a diligent concurrence, those talents which may constitute a rival: his acquaintance will repress his emulation with envious malignity, and his friends will treat his enterprises with supercilious coldness. His honest emulation, his hopes for fame, his incessant diligence, his sanguine reliance on *amicable* protestation, will all be sacrificed to his want of interest: glow of wit, fervour of imagination, and solidity of knowledge, charm in the acquaintance whose *personal* consequence commands respect; but if displayed

played in those who have nothing but genius, they are spurned and blasted by the artifices of envy, and the malevolence of friendship. One trait of Evelyne will exhibit his turn of thought. He had dined frequently at Lord Warynton's, and the day before Bruce called, he sat down with a splendid company, where, in rank and fortune, he knew himself inferior. He was placed near Lord Warynton, opposite to two boys of fashion, whose pertness and clamour distinguished them from the rest of the company. They had frequently remarked the taciturnity of Evelyne, and were very desirous to make an experiment upon his diffidence. Lord Warynton found, that in so brilliant a company, his young guest Evelyne was not noticed, and therefore, with that charming beneficence which distinguishes a great mind,

mind, he selected him as *his* companion for the day.

“ I lament, Mr. Evelyne, that you never travelled.” *Lord Q.* “ Bless me, my lord, that gentleman must surely travel a great deal, for he is always *absent*.” Evelyne coloured at this unmerited sarcasm from a stranger. “ I believe, Sir,” observed the honourable Mr. B. brother to the pert young peer just mentioned, “ I believe, Sir, that I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday *put into* Adams’s, the globe-maker, in Fleet-Street.” “ Ay,” replied *Lord Q.* “ that’s a proof that he has seen the *world*.” Here they both laughed, and the company joined them. Lord Warinton was hurt for his friend; he turned to them; “ *You have both* travelled, I believe? *Lord Q.* “ We are just returned.”

“ And

“ And were you much esteemed and beloved while you were abroad ?” The little peer and his brother replied almost both in a breath, “ So much so, that the very sailors continually crowned us with joyful acclamations.” *Evelyne*. “ I think, gentlemen, that’s very likely ;

“ *Puppihus et læti nautæ imposuère coronas.*”

The severity of this allusion, given in such a manner, was felt by all who had read Virgil, and understood the line.

The laugh was pretty well over, when Lord Warynton said, “ Suppose now, for the satisfaction of the company, that one of you two gentlemen construe my friend Mr. Evelyne’s quotation, that we may all know so excellent and forcible an address was not thrown away upon you.”

They

They both looked at one another, then bit their lips, and made no reply.

“As I find,” said Mr. Temple, that you
 “neither of you understand it, I will, *for*
 “*the satisfaction of the company*, give you
 “two lines of Dr. Johnson’s London,
 “which will explain it tolerably well. I
 “address myself to Lord Q.

“Fate never wounds more deep the gen’rous heart,
 “Than when a blockhead’s insult points the dart.”

Mr. Temple’s bitter application of these admirable lines, added to the former sarcasms; their ignorance in not understanding Evelyne’s, and the laugh occasioned by their receiving these lines as a translation of the Latin, sunk the two petty prattlers to the lowest state of abject confusion.

Such was the youth, who obtained, through the solicitous kindness of Lord Warynton,

Warynton, an acquaintance with men and manners, and was enabled to move in a more enlarged and elegant circle of acquaintance.

Lord Warynton having now sealed his letter, desired Evelyne to begin the narrative, in which he was so highly interested: Evelyne commenced: “ In my account, I shall
 “ begin with your lordship’s friend, Lord
 “ Spelman, as the circumstances of his life
 “ are an introduction to the history of the
 “ lady in question.

‘ Lord Spelman had been of age two years. He was the picture of elegant perfection. His person was uncommonly fine, and he appeared to have been trained by the Graces to every refinement of studied elegance. He spoke incomparably well; and, though he seldom instructed, yet he was al-

ways sure to charm every hearer, by the music of his voice, and the sweetness of his periods. He was, at school, not so remarkable for dulness as insipience ; for absence of ideas, and a total vacancy of character. His father had been a grave, solid, sedate man, who attended the business of the senate, without disturbing or understanding the debates. He got into his carriage with a mechanical regularity, and every day performed his revolutions about the capital, which filled up his time till the hours came in which he was to *assist* at public places, to behold and be seen by societies which he cared little about. But he was respected for his integrity, his equanimity, and the smoothness of his character, which did not often offend, because it never delighted. Lady Spelman, the mother of the present

lord, was a lucky woman, raised from a very obscure origin to sudden affluence. Lord Spelman, who caught her in some of the country towns, or petty villages, adjacent to the metropolis, brought her to London, married her, and introduced her very young to all the fashionable places of resort. She was in time *decrottée*. She forgot, very successfully, the society she had left, and the harmony of her former companions, the *lambs bleat*, and the *linnets song*. She now attained gradually some graces and some discretion, but no allurements of any kind. Her husband taught her the useful lesson of seldom speaking; and she practised a reserved dignity, which gave her few speeches an air of haughty beneficence, as if she conferred a favour by vouchsafing to communicate her—or rather other

people's ideas. She maintained the partiality of Lord Spelman, by a resolute repulse of every civility from every man ; with which, however, she was not often assailed. Her frigid deportment once induced a female to call her *a well dressed isicle*. Her lofty behaviour threw some energy into her composition, for without such a requisite she would have been an absolute *nonentity* in mind, one of those women who “ *have no character at all* ;” and if this conduct had not occasionally induced some *candid* friends to hint at her *origin*, she would have had positively nothing remarkable about her.

These were the progenitors of young Lord Spelman ; and from instructors so flimsy, little could be expected. Reared under the influence of such a combination

as dulness and inexperience on one hand, and frivolous imbecillity on the other, Lord Spelman entered the world without literature, without vivacity, without sensibility. He detested books, and never frequented any society where the conversation was instructive*. He seldom understood wit, and readily therefore rejected the lively sallies of the sprightly and ingenious.

His fortune was very ample; and it had no incumbrance of any kind, for excessive prodigality was not one of his vices. His private life afforded one curious instance of romantic caprice. Miss Meredyth was a

* Sa figure & les graces extérieures de sa personne étoient telles que la nature n'a peut-être jamais rien formé de plus accompli Enfin tous les avantages du corps parloient pour lui, mais son esprit ne disoit pas un petit mot en sa faveur. Il n'avoit de sentiment que ce qu'on lui en inspiroit

See Les Memoires de Grammont, p. 2, ch. 4.

young lady of some family, and great wealth. Lord Spelman had met her in the country, and was struck with the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her deportment. He inquired her name, character, and situation. Miss Meredyth, he was told, had refused many offers of marriage from men of the most enviable ranks in life. She lived quite alone, both in town and country, with a splendour that must be supported by a very large estate. She was visited by some few people near Beaulieu, which was the name of her seat; her lively temper and unequalled gaiety were displayed in nothing more than in the hospitable magnificence at Beaulieu.

This was a singular account, “ Did she
 “ profess never to admit the addresses of a
 “ lover ?” On the contrary, she had received
 many,

many, but marriage she seemed totally averse to. Lord Spelman saw her again. He danced with her, they supped afterwards, and sat together. He mentioned some fine pictures he had lately purchased: "I am informed, Madam, that at Beaulieu you have a beautiful Claude, and some other delightful pictures. I wish I had a friend whose interest with you would obtain permission for me to admire them."

"Beaulieu is ever open to all well-bred encouragers of the arts; and I will even invite your lordship to dine with me to-morrow: if you will come early, you can survey the pictures; and I am told there are some which merit your attention."

Lord Spelman was surprised at the frankness of such an early invitation; he bowed very thankfully, and paid her many compliments

on her reputation for taste and elegance. The next day he attended Beaulieu before two o'clock. He was astonished at the variety of the embellishments, displayed in a villa built in a stile of uncommon taste and rural simplicity. He was led through a hall, an anti-room, and a library, into a spacious saloon, which fronted the grounds: it was hung with variety of pictures, and furnished entirely to correspond with the building. Here he waited some time, during which he examined the pictures, and found some of them were of infinite value. The late Lord Spelman had been a collector, had travelled in search of exquisite productions, and had imparted some of his own information to this his son. Miss Meredyth at length appeared alone. She apologized for being *en dishabille*, but owned

owned she was not an early riser. She rung the bell, told Lord Spelman she was ready to attend him, and proposed entering a room on the left from the library. They walked into a beautiful little apartment, in which was some few small paintings, and a very fine organ, with other musical instruments disposed near it. A table was spread with fruit, and other refreshments, and a very fine girl, neatly dressed, was playing on a harp. She rose at their entrance, and his lordship, of course, intreated he might not interrupt the melody, but earnestly begged a repetition of the air which she had just finished. The girl looked with an inquiring face at Miss Meredyth, who said, " Sing, Duvair, you have a good voice; " and we must use every endeavour to " make Lord Spelman's time pass agree-
 " ably,

“ ably, when he honours us with a visit.”
 Duvair repeated the lively air, which was French. Lord Spelman requested the words. She made no answer, but sung it again. The words were Bainville’s :

L’autre jour l’enfant de Cythère
 Sous une treille à demi-gris,
 Difoit en parlant à fa mère
 “ Je bois à toi ma chère Iris : ”
 Venus le regarde en colère
 “ Calmer maman votre courroux
 “ Si je vous prends pour ma bergere
 “ J’ai pris cent fois Iris pour vous.”

The thought was common, but she sung it divinely. They partook of the refection; and he surveyed the room with much satisfaction. They entered another apartment, wherein were only portraits, and among them a noble one of Miss Meredyth. The library was next visited; and the books were found

found to consist of history, poems, novels, and dramas in English, French, and Italian. The collection was small, but very excellent. They entered the grounds, which were beautifully laid out; and though the whole was in the modern style, yet in these, as well as in the house, there was a novelty and a singularity not unpleasing. It was now after five o'clock, and the dinner-bell had rung. Lord Spelman and the ladies therefore returned to the house, and entered the eating-room, which he had not yet seen. It was rather neat than splendid. The dinner was served with great elegance, and attended by a suitable retinue of servants. Both the ladies dined with him. The conversation was very lively, and turned principally on what they had seen in the morning. Wonder and perplexity had,

however,

however, taken full possession of Lord Spelman's mind. He saw himself at the house, and at the table, of a single woman, who, with a beautiful person, large fortune, and various accomplishments, seemed, in that situation, perfectly *isolée*. He saw no improper levity in her behaviour, yet she was not grave ; but he observed she had a languishing air in her eyes, which he thought was sometimes *very expressive*. He could ask no questions ; nor could he, with much probable propriety, invite her to pass a day with him at his house in town, or at his seat, which was two hundred miles distant. He found her convivial talents sprightly and agreeable ; once or twice he thought more than agreeable. These reflections were at last interrupted by Miss Duvair, who intreated Miss Meredyth to oblige her with a song,

song, in return for the air she rehearsed in the morning. She rung for the harp, and Miss Meredyth sung so infinitely superior to her companion, with such exquisite melody and refined taste, that Lord Spelman was enraptured. The words were her own :

Vainly shines the light of reason,
Beaming faint in early day ;
Dazzling in the foster season,
Love and rapture to betray.

II.

The frosts of wint'ry age extinguish
All that early youth could shew ;
And Reason's tomb we then distinguish,
The heart of stone, the head of snow.

Love and delight sparkled in the eyes of Lord Spelman. He was going to entreat another song, when coffee was announced ; and when he had written the words of the air in his pocket-book, he followed the ladies

dies to the music-room. Duvair presided at the tea-table, and Miss Meredyth took her seat at the organ, where she played a fine piece, and then sung another air enchantingly. "What an heavenly woman!" said Lord Spelman to himself; "and how
 "equivocally situated!" He repeated his acknowledgments for the infinite pleasure he had received, and almost requested permission to repeat his visit. When the time came at which he proposed going, she invited him to sup. He could not decline it, and the evening passed in the same lively course of diversified entertainment. He knew not what to say at his departure, but he at length determined to invite Miss Meredyth to town. She did not assent, but replied, that Lord Spelman would surely not leave the country without honouring
 her

her with another visit. He readily promised to attend her, and took his leave. The whole night was employed in considering what this girl could be. He found himself more interested in her situation than he expected. He rose next day, and drove about the country, asking every one he knew, if they could tell him the family, the general conduct, the fortune, and the connections of Miss Meredyth. She was very generally known, universally admired, and occasionally visited. He was impatient till he saw her again. He called twice, and left his card. A concert in the neighbourhood afforded him another interview, and another invitation. The intimacy increased, till Lord Spelman grew so enamoured of this extraordinary woman, that he vehemently solicited a speedy marriage.

It

It was one day when they had dined alone, and he had said every thing that love could inspire, and confidence suggest, after a short silence, Miss Meredyth thus addressed him:

“ You are the only man, my lord, I have
 “ ever yet met, whom I should be happy
 “ to select as a husband, though I have had
 “ many offers of the most eligible kind;
 “ but I will be as ingenuous and disinte-
 “ rested, as you have been fond and un-
 “ thinking: you know little of me from
 “ my character, or my situation; I have
 “ every requisite of fortune, affection, ten-
 “ derness, and sincerity, to constitute your
 “ happiness and my own, as a faithful
 “ friend; but I have no qualities to endear
 “ me to you as a wife. However unbe-
 “ coming this declaration may appear to
 “ you, and however severely you may judge
 “ of

“ of me as a light libertine, I have too high
 “ a value for *your* peace, for your charac-
 “ ter, and for my own integrity, to ally
 “ myself to a man of honour, while I am
 “ conscious that passion or caprice might
 “ destroy my constancy; and that a hus-
 “ band, adorned with every virtue, might
 “ become a victim to *my* infidelity.”

Lord Spelman was overwhelmed with
 astonishment at this extraordinary speech.
 He felt a magnanimity in her refusal, which
 declined all the advantages of rank and re-
 spect, and at the same time carried with it
 her own condemnation. He was infat-
 uated with her beauties and her manners;
 he was pleased with her style of living; and,
 above all, he was charmed with her frank-
 ness and liberality. Such were his reflec-
 tions; but some answer was to be made to

her declarations. He paused for a few minutes.

“ The candour and friendship, Madam,
 “ with which you have treated me, merit
 “ more praises than I am able to offer you ;
 “ as you prefer that mode of living which
 “ yields pleasure, rather than reputation,
 “ may I hope that I shall be more favour-
 “ ably received in the character of a lover
 “ than in that of a husband ? ”

Miss Meredyth declined giving a direct assent to his supplication. A few days, however, terminated their situation; and Lord Spelman was at last added to the list of those who had shared, at Beaulieu, the unlimited gratifications of luxury and love. Two years had this licentious intimacy continued; during which, Lord Spelman, with a fascination known only to the most
 ardent

ardent and most weak of lovers, frequently implored the establishment of their mutual regard, by a sacred and indissoluble union: but no intreaties could prevail on Miss Meredyth to resign that liberty which she so much valued, and of which she made so ill a use. She never would be compelled to make a vow she could not ratify; nor would she put it out of Lord Spelman's power to select another woman, whose principles of virtue, and lustre of fame, might ensure her own happiness, and that of Lord Spelman.

This gay intercourse was, however, now daily growing less permanent. Miss Meredyth had a new lover; and Lord Spelman, whose inclinations became more domestic, wished for a woman whom, as a wife, he could introduce to his friends,

whom he could admire without disgrace, and love without satiety. He still, however, continued his visits to Miss Meredyth, who disdained every other tribute but voluntary attachment; and had the firmness to tell him, that the instant he married, their acquaintance must cease; that she never would disturb that tranquillity which in a family is the foundation of all virtue, and all happiness; and still less would she give pain to a valuable woman, whose intrinsic worth would be superior to her own, though she might not possess an equal power of pleasing. She told him, that a new lover had offered the incense of admiration at the shrine of her beauty, and confessed herself partial to his person and disposition. She recommended to Lord Spelman, to marry without delay, not because

cause she wished to decline his friendship, but to promote his welfare. She named several women of rank and accomplishments; and, among others, Miss Emily Bryant, whose high character, and fine accomplishments, rendered her a proper companion for a man of Lord Spelman's amiable turn of mind. She concluded by declaring, that she had no claim upon his lordship's affection or generosity; for that it was perfectly just, as "*his love was a violent commencement in him, that she should see an answerable sequestration.*" Lord Spelman has, I hear, taken her advice; he was lately introduced to Lady Bryant; and, when Miss Bryant returns from the country, which will be very soon, his lordship will, it is supposed, pay his addresses in form: and who can doubt, but the elegance of his

manners, the elevation of his rank, and the splendour of his opulence, will secure him a place in the heart of the young lady. This, my lord, is the account I have received; but I must entreat you will not discover any part of what I have said. Miss Meredyth's accomplishments are doubtless equal to her beauty; and no one can be acquainted with her, but they must involuntarily participate the charms of intellectual pleasure; and they, as Mr. Sheridan says,

Will gladly light, their homage to improve,
'The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.'

Evelyne here concluded his detail; which Lord Warynton received with many thanks. At the name of Miss Bryant, Bruce was alarmed; he found a new and powerful rival opposing his welfare; and he could not help fearing, that Emily, seduced
by

by the gaudy temptations of high rank, would totally forget his sufferings and his ardour. He however consoled himself, that he should be near to interrupt the suit, if Emily had any love, or any virtue.

Lord Warynton gave him a second note to Miss Meredyth. He received a packet of cards from Lady Bryant; and when he had delivered them, waited on Miss Meredyth. As he went up the street, he saw her at the window; she smiled at seeing him; and when he entered the room, her first apostrophe was, “ No express, I hope, “ from the doating peer !”

Bruce. I am unfortunate enough, Madam, to be the ambassador of his heart.

Miss Meredyth. I forgive him upon your account. Have you called at the jeweller's?

Bruce gave her the casket. She took out a ring, which was set in diamonds; and, presenting it to him, " I am not
 " ashamed to confess, that the man whose
 " mind is above his situation, whose sensibility, and accomplishments, would
 " adorn the loftiest rank, though he moves
 " in a sphere much inferior to mine; I do
 " not blush to own, that he has won my
 " heart: if you can find such a man, and
 " surely you are not dull, give him that
 " bauble; remind him that I have acknowledged all I dare acknowledge, and I leave
 " the rest to his generosity and his discernment." Miss Meredyth hid her blushing face in her handkerchief, and was some time before she looked at Bruce; he was surprised at her confession, and for a few minutes was lost in thought: " I know but

“ of one unfortunate man, Madam, to
 “ whom you can allude ; and what a situa-
 “ tion is he in, when I tell you, upon my
 “ honour, that he has not a heart to give !
 “ His faith, his love, his fame, are all
 “ pledged to another—Be not inconfide-
 “ rately violent with him for his misfor-
 “ tunes—none can behold your beauties
 “ without languishing in despair ; and no-
 “ thing but the religion of love could de-
 “ ter an admirer from adoration.—Pardon
 “ me, Madam, for my abrupt—for my al-
 “ most insolent reply : you cannot be more
 “ sensible to your own attractions than I
 “ am—I could gaze for ever on that lovely
 “ form—it’s lustre and influence might
 “ dispel every consideration, but the hope
 “ of gaining your favours—Those principles
 “ of truth and honour must be strong in-
 “ deed,

“ deed, that do not melt away at the ra-
 “ diance of your charms—Think me not
 “ vain or presumptuous!—my life I should
 “ consider as a contemptible sacrifice, if
 “ placed in competition with your beauty;
 “ and if I offend you by truth, you will, I
 “ hope, consider the nature of my offence,
 “ and not judge of me too severely.”

Miss Meredyth coloured with conscious
 shame; she fixed her eyes for some time on
 the ground; then addressing Bruce, at first
 with a forced smile, “ Do not imagine,
 “ that, like many others of my sex, I am
 “ unreasonably desirous of indulging my
 “ own wishes at the expence of every vir-
 “ tue—I honour your constancy, and your
 “ sincerity—I request you will accept the
 “ trifle I just offered you, and let me in-
 “ treat that I may never see you more.”

Bruce

Bruce was much surpris'd at her reply ; he looked for all the rage and disdain of a flighted woman : if he was before pleas'd with her beauty, he was now delighted to extasy at the candour and gentleness with which she received her disappointment : " I
 " can have no title, Madam, to the posses-
 " sion of so valuable a gift as this ring ; you
 " must indeed excuse my accepting it ; I
 " can have no merit in your eyes, and very
 " little in my own ; for however you may
 " admire the efforts I make to preserve the
 " fidelity towards my real mistress unful-
 " lied, I can never, perhaps, help reproach-
 " ing myself for having flighted generous
 " munificence, and having wounded an
 " elegant mind." Miss Meredyth was much affected ; Bruce saw and pitied her agitation : she compos'd herself ; and, after
 gazing

gazing upon him some time very tenderly,
 “ I entreat you say no more. I must have
 “ sunk in your estimation beneath the
 “ lowest of my sex ; I own myself stung by
 “ your conduct, with all that can be in-
 “ flicted by disappointment and disgrace :
 “ but I receive your reproof without bit-
 “ terness, and without malice ; you are mas-
 “ ter of your own heart, and that should
 “ teach me to be mistress of mine. The wo-
 “ man to whom you cannot impart love or
 “ esteem, you may perhaps be inclined to
 “ pity : keep the ring in memory of one
 “ whose indiscretions may probably meet
 “ with some lenity from you, when they do
 “ not interfere with your own interests.
 “ I cannot say more, and only desire that
 “ you will never speak of me ; and, above
 “ all, that you will never see me again.

“ May

“ May you, in whatever situation you are
 “ placed, be recompensed for your con-
 “ stancy to your mistress, and enjoy every
 “ gratification you can desire or deserve !”

Miss Meredyth retired ; and Bruce, who
 was much grieved for her sufferings, came
 away. She had put the ring into his hand,
 and it would therefore have been slighting
 her to refuse it. As he went home, he re-
 proached himself for treating her with cool-
 ness ; was it gallant ? was it even polite ?
 He almost determined to return, and be
 more ardent ; to offer her his heart, with
 frankness and gaiety ; to acknowledge him-
 self culpable, in the highest degree, for being
 dull to the pleasures of love ; and for having
 been grossly disobedient to the CANONS
 OF GALLANTRY, by which all men, and
 especially young men, ought to be go-
 verned.

verned. Thus irresolute, he turned the corner of a street, where he met Lord Warynton, who came up to him with all the eagerness of expectation; and, seizing him by the shoulder, " Well, my better genius, " am I to be bound to you for ever for the " greatest bounty you could procure me?" Bruce was in a very awkward situation; Miss Meredyth's conversation had been the only object of his thoughts; and Lord Warynton was quite forgotten, for she had not even read his letter. It was some time before Bruce could answer him: " I have " done every thing, my lord, that skill and " diligence could suggest, but without the " smallest prospect of success. I am just " come from Miss Meredyth, who has " commanded me never to see her more."

Lord Warynton, after lamenting his ill

fortune, thanked Bruce for his care; and declared his perfect satisfaction and belief of Bruce's exertions. "Your own history
 " must be curious, and I shall be happy to
 " be more acquainted with it. Sir Edward Bryant's family are going to pass
 " some time with us at my house in the
 " country; I have just seen Lady Bryant,
 " and requested that she will permit you to
 " call on my son at Eton, and leave that
 " letter: ride with him to Mountbridge,
 " where you are to remain till we all come
 " down. You will attend young Mr.
 " Bryant, who is to go with you. It may
 " be a week or more before we come there,
 " as Miss Bryant is not returned from Mrs.
 " Ellyson's; if she comes home sooner, we
 " shall set off immediately." After receiving this intelligence, Bruce parted from
 his

his lordship. He went immediately home, and was ordered by Lady Bryant to prepare for his excursion the next day. To Bruce, Lewiston descanted very copiously on the folly of that arrangement; in which she discovered all that was wrong and ill judged: “Don’t you remember, Mr. James, “ that it was always a rule with Sir Charles “ Grandison, when he sent his servants “ into the country, to let it be for the pro- “ per and the fit? And don’t you recol- “ lect, that when Lady Betsy Thoughtless, “ and Lord Peregrine Pickle, in Squire “ Fielding’s novel of Gil Blas, went to the “ North, that they never took any servants “ with them at all—Then there was, I am “ sure, that character in the Romance of “ a Minute,—he that—You know who I “ mean?”—

Bruce

Bruce endeavoured to escape from the torrent, but without effect; the woman poured forth an inundation of complaints, because she could not see why Bruce went down to Mountbridge before the rest of the family.

During this conversation, a servant arrived from Mrs. Ellyson's, announcing Emily's arrival in two days; and Bruce, who was eager to obtain the earliest intelligence of his mistress, to know where she had been, how she had passed her time, and all those frivolous circumstances which constitute the delights of a lover, got acquainted with the messenger; and, in order to find an opportunity for asking him the particulars of Miss Bryant's conduct, prevailed upon him to go that evening to the play.

Va-t-en was a French domestic, who had

attended Mrs. Ellyson from Paris; and she sent him to acquaint Sir Edward that she proposed accompanying Emily to London. The young fellow, who had been well educated, easily accepted Bruce's invitation; and they went to Drury Lane, where Mrs. Siddons appeared in the Fair Penitent. When they arrived in the gallery, Bruce commenced his enquiry; but in a few minutes the curtain drew up. Altamont and Horatio entered; the first speech was received, as usual, with no uncommon fervour of applause by the audience; but the instant when Horatio began his first line, which was only the *emphatical, high-sounding, and poetical* expression, "Yes, Altamont"—Bruce applauded with such vehemence, and such clamour, that he drew every one's attention. He accompanied his gestures with

loud

loud exclamations of "The friend! the
 " friend! Bravo! bravo! Well done friend-
 " ship! Finely spoken!" The man who
 was with him stared, and did not at all com-
 prehend this paroxysm of approbation. At
 the end of the second act, *Va-t-en* observed,
 that it was an excellent play; that Calista
 was a natural character, if not a moral one.
 Bruce interrupted him, "O Sir, talk not
 " of Calista—'tis not for her the poet wrote
 " the play; she has nothing to do in it—it
 " is Horatio, Sir, the friend, the amicable
 " hero, the guardian of his Altamont, that
 " is the splendid character of the piece.
 " Observe how nobly he interferes where he
 " has no business with what's going for-
 " ward; mark the rude and gross terms
 " in which he speaks to the delicate Ca-
 " lista, who never injured him: then, again,

“ his refusal to be reconciled to Altamont,
 “ shews how much he loved him : in short,
 “ the two great characters of the piece are
 “ Horatio, the friend of Altamont, and
 “ Rossano, the friend of Lothario.”——
Va-t-en by no means understood all this,
 but replied briskly, “ Mais mon Dieu ! Le
 “ Chevalier Shakspeare—il ecrit en hon-
 “ nête homme—aussi il faut avouer que—
 “ —“ Certainly you’re right ; *his* Horatio,
 “ as a character, is much superior to his
 “ Hamlet—for instance, you see the many
 “ friends he has ; Francisco, Bernardo, and
 “ Marcellus, are all his sworn intimates ;
 “ but you do not see that in Hamlet ; no,
 “ no—he tells you, that even his two old
 “ acquaintances, Rosencraus and Guilden-
 “ stern, whom he had known long, who
 “ were his schoolfellows, his fellow-stu-
 “ dents,

“ dents, what does he say of them? why,
 “ forsooth, that he will “ *trust them as he will*
 “ *adders fanged.*” Now this certainly de-
 “ preciates the character of his Hamlet.”—
 “ Mais, donc vous aimez l’amitié des for-
 “ cières?—No doubt it is a fine trait in
 “ their characters, and by this unanimity
 “ they were enabled to perform their incan-
 “ tations.”—“ Vous voulez, par hazard,
 “ que—Monsieur—comment s’appelle le
 “ bon Monsieur.”—“ Who d’ye mean?
 “ what play is it in?”—“ Eh! le grand
 “ nom m’est echappé—c’est un espèce de
 “ Marquis Blackamoor qui se trouve tout
 “ noir, et qui au lieu de combler sa petite
 “ femme charmante par les caresses au lit
 “ —mort de ma vie! il y court, il l’at-
 “ taque, et la voila enfoncée dans l’Oreiller
 “ brutal!”—“ O you mean Othello! Well

“ —there’s another divine character ; you
 “ see his amity to Iago ; you see his charm-
 “ ing confidence in his lieutenant.”—
 “ Mais que veut dire cela ? la petite ange
 “ sa femme.”—“ Nay, he was deceived into
 “ that ; it was his violent, furious love for
 “ her, that made him overcome his reason,
 “ and smother”—“ Eh ! le bon apotre !
 “ *smotter*—mais c’est *smotter* au de là de
 “ l’expression—on ne va pas étrangler ce
 “ qu’on aime—c’est d’aimer à la mode
 “ Angloise—on y reconnoit *l’amour conju-*
 “ *gal*, et ma foi, c’est ce me semble ce
 “ qu’on appelle *consummate* chez les bons
 “ pates de maris”—“ Nay, nay, you do
 “ not see this matter in a proper light.”—
 “ Comment, quand Monsieur Othello crie
 “ à tue tête “ *put out de light*,” comment,
 “ Diable ! peut on voir goutte ?”—“ Well,
 “ I see

“ I see you relish Shakespeare no more
 “ than the rest of your countrymen;
 “ Othello’s a noble character !”—“ Il faut
 “ au moins un cœur de médecin pour tuer
 “ la petite ange.”

The play now went on, and the criticisms ceased. They did not stay the after-piece, but Bruce returned home, after totally forgetting, in the ardour of admiration at his friend Horatio, to mention one syllable concerning Emily.

Bruce, the next morning, set off for Mountbridge ; and, in the evening of that day, Miss Bryant came to London, escorted by Mrs. Ellyson, who, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations, returned immediately to K——.

C H A P. VI.

Since scant the source of pleasure flows,
 Instruct the fleeting stream to guide ;
 To guide, not to confine,
 With every little flower that blows
 Around the variable tide.
 To deck life's sober shrine,
 For every purer joy is thine,
 By thee alone are all our cares redrest,
 True wisdom is the art of being blest.

PINKERTON'S RIMES—*Ode to Science.*

WHEN Bruce set off with Mr.
 Bryant, they proceeded till they
 came to Eton, where they alighted ; and,
 enquiring for Mr. Harwal, he made his ap-
 pearance, which was striking, for he had a
 very fine person, very carelessly dressed.
 Dr. N. his tutor, was also there. Har-
 wal obtained leave of absence for that day ;
 and with a few of his chums, set off for Lord
 Warynton's.

Warynton's. They reached the house at ten o'clock ; and as Mr. Bryant had not breakfasted, they called and eat a slight repast at an inn in the neighbourhood ; after which the young gentlemen went by themselves upon a private expedition.

Mr. Harwal, son to Lord Warynton, was at this time just seventeen. He was generally regarded at school as a very idle fellow, for he never attended to his lesson with diligence ; but as he had an astonishing memory, and uncommon brilliancy of parts, application was not so requisite to him as to many others. His early compositions were universally admired for strength of imagination and boldness of expression ; but his negligence and love of pleasure prevented his attaining a steady correctness. His spirit, vivacity, and sweetness of disposition,

sition, had made him the favourite of the whole school ; while his audacity, and skill in mischief, supplied the records of the seminary with matchless instances of intrepid achievement. The good Dr. N. who was very partial to him, often reminded him of Horace's maxim *.

“ This licentious extravagance, Tom,
 “ will never do. No man arrives at emi-
 “ nence by fortuitous exertions ; the sum-
 “ mit of fame is only to be gained by the
 “ persevering student ; such a lad never is
 “ disappointed, *sudavit et alfit* ; while your
 “ life consists of nothing but days of supine-
 “ ness, intermingled with some few pa-
 “ roxysms of meditation.” These pom-
 pous and salutary counsels were often re-

* *Natura fieret, &c.* Horat. De Arte Poet. v. 408.

peated; and were, unfortunately, often refuted by the sprightly wit of the disciple; for Dr. N. loved to argue with him, though Tom generally got the better.

An excellent copy of Latin verses procured Harwal a present from his master; it was a little Seneca, a portable edition, which the doctor told him would serve him "to read for his entertainment in his leisure hours." Tom bowed, and promised to take care of the book; he added, "*that the doctor should always find it in excellent preservation.*" He kept his word, for through the fear of injuring so elegant a volume, and so grave a writer, he put it in paper, buried it very securely in a drawer, and wrote upon it *Resurgam*.

Among other useful admonitions which, before his departure for Mountbridge, Harwal

Harwal received from the doctor, was a strong injunction to frequent the company of such friends as were eminently pious, and who displayed, in their lives and actions, a constant tenour of virtuous inclinations.

“Of all my acquaintance, Sir,” was Harwal’s reply, “I most admire Miss Benwall.” “Indeed! d’ye admire Miss Benwall! Ah! that’s a proof of your good sense and good heart; my dear boy, I’m charm’d to see this! Really now, Tom, if any one can insinuate any adscititious virtues into your juvenile breast, if any one can reclaim that vehement and insatiable demand for tumultuous gratifications, which is *your* principal frailty, Miss Benwall is the person. She promised to visit me; I should be happy to see her.”

“Why,

“ Why, Sir, with submission, I should
 “ think it as well not to ask her to come
 “ here ; but I should be very glad, every
 “ now and then, to pass a few hours at her
 “ house, particularly as I am always sure of
 “ being received there with the greatest
 “ *kindness and friendship.*” “ That’s a fine
 “ opportunity for you, my dear Tom, if you
 “ know how to improve it.” “ Indeed, Sir,
 “ I always do my best.” — “ Well, since I
 “ see you so partial to that excellent wo-
 “ man, you shall have leave of absence very
 “ frequently.” The good doctor kept his
 word ; Harwal went very frequently to
 Miss B.’s, and the doctor talked very loud-
 ly of this young man’s attendance on so
 worthy a woman. Another ludicrous cir-
 cumstance drew the attention of Bruce :
 Dr. N. had a sister, an old dame of the
 most

most implacable and repulsive asperity that can be imagined; she was one of those shallow, yet self important creatures, who suppose peevishness so intimately connected with wisdom, that they ought never to be separated. She therefore detested Harwal for his eternal vivacity, and *inveterate* risibility. She frequently complained of him to the doctor; and the day when Bruce called, declared, in his own presence, that he was past all cure. “ I’ve tried every
 “ thing,” said she, “ to reclaim him; but
 “ he still goes on, in spite of my teeth!”
 “ Really, ma’am,” said Tom, bowing, “ I
 “ did not think I had any thing to fear
 “ from that quarter.”—“ There! there’s
 “ for you,” replied Mrs. N. “ that’s like
 “ the wicked and prophane joke he made
 “ t’other

“ t’other day, about Sufannah ; for he laughs
 “ at every body’s expence.”

When they touched on sacred things, the worthy doctor very properly thought fit to terminate the argument, by giving a verdict against Harwal. “ Go, Tom, go
 “ and study for an hour or two.” “ He
 “ study !” said Mrs. N. “ he a student !—
 “ he’ll never study as long as he lives.”
 “ Indeed, ma’am,” replied Tom, “ I study
 “ very hard, for I often sit *pouring over*
 “ a composition a whole evening together.”

Harwal having obtained permission to make an elopement from Eton, for one day, had invited, with young Bryant, three or four more lads, to dine, and spend a jolly day with him at his father’s, before the arrival of the family. They had a handsome dinner, and variety of wines. Tom
 shewed

shewed himself an excellent host; he contributed, by his airy conversation and pleasantry, as well as by promoting the rapid transit of the bottle, to the entertainment of his guests. The "*mad wags*" protracted the banquet to a late hour; and, by ten o'clock at night, grew *tolerably mellow*. Horses and chaises were then ready; and they all dispersed severally, some to school, and some to town. Harwal and another had got into a chaise, and were proceeding rapidly to Eton, when the motion of the carriage, with poor Harwal's excessive inebriety, produced so violent a sickness, that they were compelled to stop the chaise, and order it to return to Mountbridge. Bruce and two servants took him out of the chaise, and he was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. While they were undressing

ing

ing him, his companion delivered an open letter to Bruce: "When Tom's recovered in the morning," said he, "give him that; it's one of Tillotson's Discourses, which he dropt out of his pocket in the chaise; and this book too. I shall inform Dr. N. that he was seized with a *falling sickness*, and that he will return to Eton in a day or two." The book was an Ovid. The first part of this speech, which mentioned that the paper was one of *Tillotson's Discourses*, Bruce did not perfectly comprehend; but looking into it, he saw it was a letter in a female hand, signed *Elizabeth Tillotson*, the servant of Miss Benwall, who had a villa near Mountbridge. This excited his curiosity, and he read as follows:

VOL. I.

O

" Dear

“ Dear and honoured young Gentleman,

“ YOU was very good indeed to send
 “ me the gifts, and the money; but indeed
 “ you are a great deal too good to me.
 “ Cousin Peggy says I must not meet you
 “ any more at her house, as her husband is
 “ frightened lest we should be found out;
 “ and if we should, he says that Lord Wa-
 “ rynton would ruin him without mercy.
 “ Dear Sir, if a poor girl like me loses her
 “ character, she is undone. I would do
 “ any thing, God he knows, and you know
 “ too well, to please you, and to serve you.
 “ I’ve seen *Whistling Dick*, my lord’s old
 “ servant, whom you spoke to: he says he’ll
 “ die to serve you; and so I’m sure would
 “ any body that knows you, or any ser-
 “ vant in my lord’s house. Miss Emily,
 “ and

“ and the family of the Bryants, with my
 “ lord, and her ladyship, come down in a
 “ few days. Lord blefs me ! if you do love
 “ Mifs Emily, fure you won’t forget a poor
 “ girl whom you’ve faid fo much to !
 “ They fay that Lord Spelman is defigned
 “ for Mifs Emily. Excufe me, dear and
 “ honoured Sir, this bad writing, from
 “ your’s till death,

“ Elizabeth Tillotfon.”

This epiftle, which informed Bruce how
 many rivals he had to contend with, was
 carefully replaced in Mr. Harwal’s pocket;
 and he then retired to reft, meditating on
 fchemes for his future prosperity.

C H A P. VII.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too.

CHURCHILL'S ROSCIAD.

Men of a susceptible nature, the prey of successive emotions, for ever happy or miserable in extremes, often capricious and inconsistent, ought to cherish their lucid intervals, and dwell upon, and treasure up in their minds, those maxims of wisdom and of virtue that in times of internal tumult may assuage their disorder, and administer peace to their souls.

RICHARDSON'S *Analysis of some characters in Shakspeare*, p. 88.

BRUCE had remained in the country above a week, in expectation of Lady Bryant's arrival; and the day was now come, on which the families of the Bryants and the Waryntons were to visit Mountbridge. It was time for Bruce to consider in what way he should discover

ver

ver himself to Emily; or by what artifice he should, if possible, still conceal himself, even from her recognition. He began now to ask, what he had before omitted to inquire of his own heart, whether he should have resolution to persuade her to elope with him; and, what was of still further importance, whether a young woman of her high breeding, and delicate mind, would consent to such a hasty union. He knew she loved him; and he well knew that female affections, when settled on one object, are indissolubly firm. No dangers terrify, no temptations allure, no caprices influence, no tyranny subdues, the mind of a woman who is won by tenderness and attached by principle: he had every thing, therefore, to expect from her constancy, her prudence, and her virtue. Some plan must

now be laid, to acknowledge himself, without too suddenly surprizing her ; and care must be taken, that when she had perceived the ardour and fidelity of his passion, that when she had admired his resolution, and pardoned his freedom, the proofs of kindness and condescension she might shew him, should not be witnessed by the family. A scheme for their mode of life he had already formed : they were to retire into the country ; he would write to his father, own the *sin of clandestine marriage*, prevail upon him, if possible, to hear and forgive ; not only to receive his prodigal son, but to “ *kill the fatted calf.*” Miss Bryant’s fortune was very large ; but his own, in some measure, depended upon the will of his father, Sir Stephen Bruce, who had not been very liberal, or very regular. He laid great

stress, in his own mind, upon the marriage, when performed, being irretrievable; and he presumed, that seeing it could not be altered, his father and Sir Edward Bryant would vouchsafe their forgiveness.

These reflections naturally led him to anticipate the felicity which he should enjoy with Emily in so desirable a union, a union founded only upon love; love, neither warped by *prudence*, nor weakened by *safety*. He represented, to his romantic imagination, the charms of rural employment, and innocent recreation. Domestic ease would be accompanied by harmless plenty; the sports of the field would relieve the pleasures of the table; and the delights arising from sentiment and fondness, would be properly contrasted by the social and manly exercises which the country more particu-

larly affords. A numerous and lovely progeny might perhaps cement the ties of conjugal intercourse, and transmit to their descendants the honourable record of a happy pair, who loved with vehemence, and married with resolution. His own former *juvenilities* would be abjured and forgotten; and all future irregularities would be prevented, by the beauty of his wife, the care of his children, the novelty of his amusements, and the importance of his situation. They were then, at the death of his father, to remove to town; his daughters were to be graces, and his sons to be statesmen. He had determined his third son should study; his fourth should travel; and, for the rest, the army and navy afforded an ample provision. He hoped never to outlive his wife; one tomb might receive their ashes,

and

and tell every casual passenger the excessive ardour, and the uncommon longevity, of their mutual passion. On the marble should be inscribed, not the date of their deaths, but the account of their loves; and posterity should hail the constancy and affection, so delightfully blended in the family of Bruce.

Such were the meditations of this fervent admirer, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a man, who rode up, and, ringing violently at the gate, desired to see Mr. Bryant, as he had a message for him. The man was ordered to alight; and Mr. Bryant, when sought for, was, after some time, found fishing in a distant part of the grounds. He came back to the house, and Bruce introduced the man, who told him, that Sir Edward desired him to come immediately

mediately to town; that none of the party would leave London; as Lady Warynton and Lady Spelman were with his mother; and that Lord Warynton and Lord Spelman were both gone, with Sir Edward Bryant, in search of Miss Emily, who, after remaining in London eight days, had abruptly left her father's house that morning.

The countenance of Bruce would have betrayed him, even to a common observer, but Mr. Bryant's curiosity absorbed his faculties till the narrative was finished; he then seemed pretty well composed, and calmly observing, "Pon my honour, that's
" rather a droll affair!" he ordered his horses; told Bruce to get ready to accompany him, as well as his own servant; and then went to look for the fish which he had taken.

Bruce

Bruce was really in a dreadful agitation of mind ; he had fallen, *from the summit of empyrean felicity, to the gulph of hopeless despair.* He inquired the particulars of the story ; the man was ignorant of all but what he had told. The unfortunate lover was therefore obliged to content himself, for the present, in a state of suspense.

He now, for the first time, felt the hardships of his situation ; he viewed his livery as a badge of servitude, and as a reproach to his family ; he resented the freedoms of his fellow servants, and of Mr. Bryant, who, when the messenger arrived, was preparing to think of dinner, it being then near five o'clock. As they mounted, he inquired the hour : “ She was missed, Sir,” said Bruce, “ just after nine.”

On their journey, Mr. Bryant called out,

“ I’m

“ I’m certain my mare has had an acci-
 “ dent.” “ Yes, Sir,” replied Bruce,
 “ she dropped her fan in the library; and
 “ left her watch under her pillow, where
 “ she put it when she went to bed.”

*What Saw & P.O.O.
 his master - from
 consensus imperfect*

C H A P. VIII.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares.

COMUS.

THE train of events which had produced Miss Bryant's elopement, are now to be related. When she left Lady Hyndley, she remained but a short time at Sir Edward Bryant's, for her situation in that house was not very agreeable. Many reasons concurred to render her unhappy. Sir Edward's raillery, Lady Bryant's caprice, and the frequent interference of an impertinent woman, who was much liked by Lady Bryant, and made a very ill use of her influence

fluence in the family, by suggesting every species of conduct which could destroy Emily's happiness, and by producing endless differences between her mother and herself. This person was Lady Warynton, who was perpetually at Sir Edward's. There is not a character more uniformly unprincipled, or more flagitiously impudent, than the intruder on domestic peace. Lady Warynton slighted all considerations, except those which related to her power and consequence. Her husband I have described, a noble and generous patron, yet a man of intrigue. She never was displeased at his amours; for as love had the least share of Lady Warynton's heart, she did not exact it from others. To Emily she had ever shewn a determined antipathy, excited by the lustre of her beauty, the keenness of her

reply,

reply, and the variety of her accomplishments.

Sir Edward, when disengaged from luxury, had a great regard for his daughter; but there was ever displayed in his conduct towards her a mixture of supercilious generosity, which seemed to proceed rather from the sense of parental duty, than the warmth of real fondness. He sometimes admired her qualities, and praised her with the utmost politeness and formality. At other times, he attacked any little errors with all the vivid asperity of wit and sarcasm. It was remarkable, that instead of bestowing upon her those domestic epithets, "*My dear—My Emily—Child*"—&c. &c. he always called her "*My friend!*"—or "*Miss Emily.*" His love of raillery was, however, so strong, that people ceased wondering

dering when they began to know him more intimately. Lady Bryant's versatility of inclination was intolerable ; and her peevish vexation at Emily's pre-eminence in every point, amounted sometimes to fixed antipathy ; and a quarrel frequently arose on the subject, between Sir Edward and her ladyship.

In the midst of these domestic feuds, a new acquaintance betrayed Emily into the situation which is so frequently embraced by heroes and heroines of fantastic romance.

Henry Albin was one of the most dangerous characters that deprave the morals, and destroy the interests, of society. His reputation was supported by an ostentatious piety, which he displayed, every week, in a regular attendance at church ; and his exterior

terior deportment perpetually manifested a *pure and upright heart*. But his private life was polluted with excesses of almost every kind. Skilful fraud, and luxurious gratification, constituted the vicissitude of his nefarious employments; and it was perhaps difficult to say by which species of villainy the greatest numbers had been undone, by the allurements of his house, or by the success of his private rapine. His fortune was immensely large; his connections were with people of rank, and frequently with people of virtue. His wife was a woman of equal skill, and, if possible, of worse principles. The lustre of youth and beauty added fresh power to her insidious wiles; and so totally was her mind estranged from every sense of honour and delicacy, that she never scrupled to become the infamous pro-

moter of her husband's intrigues. Some passages in Albin's life had been carefully detected, and would have been properly exposed, but he appeased the fury of his persecutors by complying with their demands of exorbitant bribery. His style of living, which was uncommonly gay, threw a splendour round the name and character of a man whose manners were easy and refined; and his perpetual appearance at church on the sabbath, and on the principal feasts and fasts, with a grave face, and a decent behaviour, had, with some of the blind bigots to extrinsic piety, totally expunged from his reputation those foul blots with which it had been tainted. His bounty to the poor was very great. He subscribed to hospitals, encouraged beggars, and had always a numerous train of those

gentlemen

gentlemen pensioners who “ take no thought
 “ for the morrow.” By these magnificent
 donations, however, he really did much
 good ; and many families were rescued from
 ruin, many useful institutions supported,
 and much real benevolence excited in others,
 by the example of a benefactor, who was
 otherwise the vilest of mankind.

Amongst the victims to Albin’s licen-
 tioufness, was a young girl named Millar,
 who was cousin to Mrs. Lewston, woman
 to Lady Bryant. Millar had been some
 time forsaken ; and, after becoming the
 prey of her seducer, was, with the infamous
 barbarity, and unprincipled villainy, which
 too often attend the gaiety of a libertine,
 turned over to the bounty and the cruelty
 of successive profligates : she was devoted
 to indigence and infamy ; but the kindness

of Mrs. Lewston rescued her from destruction.

Albin had met, admired, and at last ardently loved, Miss Bryant. He wished for her acquaintance; and would have introduced himself to her family, but feared that his wishes might, from such an intimacy, be disappointed. He knew not to what new artifice he should have recourse; when he at length received a letter from Mrs. Lewston, who, after reproaching him with the ruin of her cousin, solicited, or rather demanded, a proper relief, in the situation to which she was then reduced; and concluded by desiring him to direct his answer to her at Sir Edward Bryant's. His astonishment and delight, at this intelligence, were equally powerful. He wrote word that " he was highly sensible how ill her

" cousin

“ coufin had been treated; that he had
 “ long since *renounced all the pomps and va-*
 “ *nities of this wicked world, with all the sin-*
 “ *ful lusts of the flesh*; that he hoped his
 “ heavenly Father would forget what had
 “ passed between him and Kitty, as he was
 “ now become a new man, pure and un-
 “ defiled. ‘To shew his reformation was
 “ sincere, he inclosed a twenty pound note,
 “ which he desired her to accept, and beg-
 “ ged to speak to Mrs. Lewston, at his
 “ own house, before eight o’clock that
 “ evening.”

The woman’s heart overflowed with
 pleasure at the supposed remorse and bounty
 of Albin. She concealed it from her cou-
 sin, and was punctually at Albin’s by eight
 o’clock. She was introduced to him alone.
 Mrs. Albin was out; and he had dined

early, that he might be at leisure to negotiate the business of the evening. He testified “ excess of happiness and shame “ at meeting this *good* woman.” He talked over the beauty of her cousin, and her fine temper; but lamented that she should have lost her influence over his heart at a time when he was the most constant creature alive. He then proceeded to flatter Mrs. Lewiston; commended her generosity to Kitty Millar; poured forth a lively panegyric upon her fidelity, diligence, skill, and propriety of behaviour in the place which she now occupied: he congratulated her upon her situation; talked of Sir Edward Bryant’s pleasantry, and Lady Bryant’s fashionable refinements; and thus, by a natural gradation, he made the tenour of the conversation arrive at Miss Emily.

Before

Before Mrs. Lewiston's arrival, some exquisite cates, and delicious *liqueurs*, had been carefully provided. Of these she plentifully partook; and in two hours grew so communicative, that Albin, who treated her as his most familiar friend, was soon possessed of all the information he could possibly wish for. She was overpowered by the blaze of magnificence in his house, and the charms of condescension in himself; and before she left him, thought he was not *quite so culpable* in the seduction of her cousin, but that Kitty was naturally abandoned, and justly deserted.

Albin learned the whole story of Bruce's attachment to Emily, as well as many others, not much worth relating; the letters he had written, the secrecy he had observed, and the refusal he had received from

Miss Bryant, were all detailed, with many idle interpolations, and conjectural falsehoods. The principal facts, however, were pretty accurately stated; and of these, Albin took all profitable advantages. By a few rich presents he won the heart of Mrs. Lewiston, whose principles of integrity were so very old, that she herself thought them now quite superannuated, and chose to employ them no longer.

He then promised an ample provision for her cousin; and pleaded his wife in excuse for not taking her again. He hinted, very delicately, his respect for Miss Bryant, and his fears lest she should be induced to *do any thing amiss*. “ He had apprehensions
 “ about this Bruce; he knew him well, and
 “ was sure he was not at Oxford; he had
 “ a letter of his in his possession; and if

“ Mrs. Lewston would use her endeavours
 “ to procure another, should be glad to
 “ compare the hand-writing.” Mrs. Lew-
 ston promised every thing; and after once
 or twice more sacrificing to “ *plumpy Bac-*
 “ *chus with pink eyne,*” she appointed a
 meeting in two days, and tottered home.

Lady Bryant was at a rout; and Lew-
 ston, who was not quite in a situation to
 receive her at her return, went to bed;
 leaving another female to attend her mis-
 tress, and declared she was very ill.

Her ladyship was very fond of this wo-
 man. She had lived with her many years;
 had never openly committed any misdeed to
 forfeit her favour, but had served her (as
 Lady Bryant supposed) with zeal and fide-
 lity. Her honesty was, however, really not
 great. She was disliked by the domestics
 for

for her ill temper; but she preserved the friendship of the butler, and therefore, when offended by the rest, she retired to her own room, and *swallowed* the affront.

Emily was very partial to her; and in the hour of gloom and disappointment, when she had been harrassed by her mother, laughed at by her father, and irritated by the impertinence of Lady Warynton, she would repair to Mrs. Lewston's room, and with many tears lament the cruelty of fortune, and the caprices of her family. She had no friend she could trust; and that weakness of judgment, which is incurred by vexation and adversity, often betrayed her to make a confidante of Mrs. Lewston; to relate her sorrows, and confess her passions; to put herself in the power of one

who had no attachment, no sincerity, no discernment, no sensibility, no education.

These are some, among the many dreadful evils which arise from the unpardonable negligence of parents, in their domestic regulations. In parental duty, the art of *making home comfortable* holds a very high place; and those who carelessly, or purposely, omit this important requisite to the welfare of their children, are certainly answerable for every folly, and every crime, which they are led to commit, by any corrupt society into which they have been driven.

The implicit reliance with which the whole family regarded Mrs. Lewiston, gave her many opportunities of admission to the cabinets and drawers of the two ladies. She soon found means to purloin three or four

of

of Bruce's early letters, which she speedily conveyed to Albin, who rewarded her assiduity with additional benefactions.

Of the hand-writing, the style, and some other necessary circumstances, Albin soon made himself master; and then forwarded his plot, with a skill and perseverance not to be excelled. He wrote several letters in Bruce's hand to Miss Bryant; announced his own supposed departure from Oxford; repeated his declarations of love; and added, that his friend Mr. Albin had some knowledge of their mutual regard; that he was a man of the highest honour; and that, could he (Bruce) venture to town, where he was afraid to shew himself, lest his father should discover him, he would have requested the honour of seeing her for a few minutes at Mr. Albin's house. The letter continued for
some:

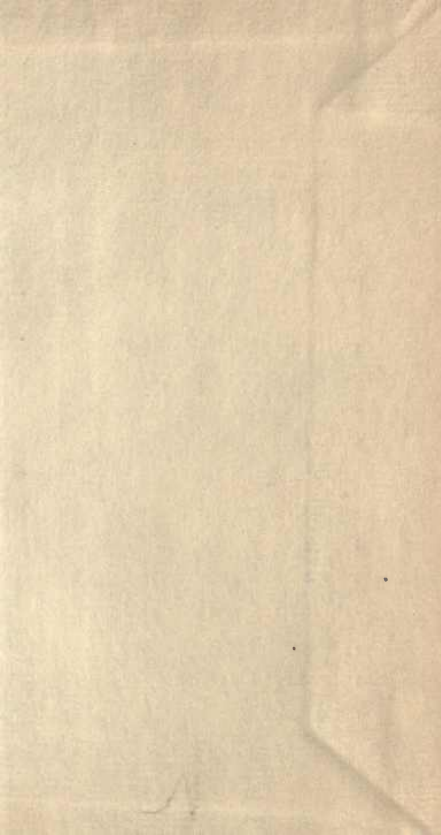
some pages in a strain of fondness and anxiety ; concluding without any hint at what was mentioned in a future epistle. It was sealed with Bruce's seal, as he had one cut in imitation of what was upon the letters, and conveyed to Emily by the care of Mrs. Lewiston.

The surprise and delight of Emily, at hearing from her admirer, carried her beyond the limits of propriety. She listened with pleasure to the eulogiums which Lewiston lavished upon the generosity of the Albins ; and was at length persuaded, in one of the airings which she sometimes took with this woman, to make them a visit. They received her with a respect that flattered, and a cordiality that charmed her. She promised to repeat her visits ; and after
being

being gratified by an account of Albin's acquaintance with Bruce, she returned home, charmed with the most sanguine prospects of probable felicity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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